

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL NAVY

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III.

As this is the last of the series, it is
with great pleasure that we
publish the last of the series.
It holds the same rank as the
other two, and is equally
valuable for its own sake.

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THE
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CHAP. I.

NOBODY can wonder that I concluded my last chapter precipitately ; in truth I have been very ill since I attempted to recal to my mind such woeful events. I could not proceed with the picture, so drew the curtain. All that is necessary to my narration shall now be resumed.

I dismissed my loquacious attendant, that, left by myself, I might endeavour to attain a composure of mind, such as would enable me to fulfil the heavy task allotted for me. My imperfect devotions were not the least of my mental resources. How valuable to the afflicted is a sincere belief in religion ! I felt strengthened and encouraged towards midnight, and believe I might have obtained that kind of rest which steals upon the weary and wretched, only for watching my babe, who was sleeping in my arms, and who I would not allow the nurse to take from me. I was grieving at his pallid cheeks ; though I thought his death would be a blessing to himself, and to me a release, by cutting the last thread, which tied me to this life.

Suddenly I heard my door open. I would have raised my head, but weakness prevented me ; a hasty footstep crossed my chamber ; it was like the tread of a man. I caught a glimpse of his figure ;—it was a man, —it was Charles. Had I been able, I should have



have cried out with joy, and surprise. He begged that I would not make a noise; he was come to tell me news that was important, news to be kept secret, "as," said he, "your husband's only hope of leaving France, or indeed of living, is to be unknown until his wounds are dressed."

"Ah!" said I, "then he is alive, and all my sorrows are fled; where and how is he?"

"He is at my brother's house, in a granary, which is made as comfortable as the state of affairs will admit of. His wounds not alarming; he has lost much blood, but that is not very disadvantageous, as it prevents, in all probability, a fever. I attend him; we dare not call in a surgeon."

"Tell me now," said I, "how he has been brought into so frightful a condition?"

"His ardent rash spirit has brought him into it; but the story will be tedious to you now, your own health is precarious—I thought it best to tell you that you are not a widow. Take this composing draught, and in the

morning I will attend you, and relate every particular."

I agreed to restrain my impatience; and, after returning fervent thanks to Providence, took my potion. The good priest departed, and I slept beside my infant.



CHAP.

CHAP. II.

IT was late next morning before I awoke. My first inquiry was for Charles, who waited in my anti-chamber.

“Now,” said I, when he entered, “my strength is renewed, my spirits calmed; I can hear every thing.”

He then went into a detail of the dreadful events of the tenth of August, which I shall not recapitulate, only as far as related

to Connor ; for all my readers are acquainted with them.

Connor's first intention upon going into the street, was to inform himself what was the cause of such an astonishing alarm ; he heard enough to know, that the King and the Royal Family were in the utmost danger. Immediately he ran back for his sword and pistols ; and, forgetting me in his ardour, rushed out of the house. He was frequently stopped in his way to the Thuilleries ; but, upon discovering himself to be an Irishman, was allowed to go on.

He fell in with one detachment of the *Gardes Nationales*, who insisted upon his calling out, *Vive la Nation*, but he would only say, *vive le Roi !* (he has since applauded his moderation in not repeating what was in his mind, *d—n the nation !*) which loyal expression, though it did not please them, as yet had not been denominated *leze nation* ; so he was allowed to depart.

After

After some difficulties he got into the court; but it was in company with the Mar-seillois: every word he heard, made him tremble with anxiety for the Royal family, and rage against the rebels;—he would have attempted to mount the staircase, but the danger deterred even him, as the Swiss, from the top of the landing-place, urged by the laws of self preservation, had began to fire; and he dreaded, that if a shot should unfortunately reach him, it would be thought that he took part with the assailants.

The fact was, that before the King took refuge with his unfortunate family, and his reluctant consort, in the National Assembly, he left orders that the Swiss should not fire. Those about him, who saw the Queen's wishes were quite contrary to those orders, and more coinciding with their own inclinations, carried a different message, and the Swiss were told to fire; which, had they kept up steadily, the fate of the day would in all probability not have been what it was.

An old servant of the King, who had heard his directions, was astonished at the fire, and ran out, exclaiming, "*Ventre bleu, Messieurs*, what are you about? the King, our master, said, you should not fire, and he is in the National Assembly."

An unfortunate confusion ensued; the traitors took the advantage, and, though before talking of retreat, now rushed upon the brave fellows, who, thus confounded, knew not what step to take, and were massacred. Connor flew to animate them; and, had they been in an unconfined situation, they would at least have sold their lives dear: but, being at once pressed upon by such multitudes, it was impossible to regain the advantage, and my husband was wounded and fell while endeavouring to succour a brave man surrounded by a party of national villains.

The prints of those days were filled with admiration and praise of the honesty and *bonne foi* of the people. True, they did not dare

dare to steal the regalia; for the robbers at the head of affairs obliged the National Guards to do summary justice on the spot if any *petty* rogue attempted such *great* plunder; but they took no notice of their stripping the dead and dying indiscriminately.

Charles, our faithful priest, followed Connor, but at a safe distance; and when the carnage was over, sought him every where: he concluded that he was either imprisoned or killed, and began his search in the palace of horror, where the groans and struggles of the dying, and the rapacious cruelty of the living, formed a most dreadful picture,—so dreadful indeed to a human creature, that he often turned away. Sickened and grieved to behold so much misery, without the power of alleviating any part of it, nought but his gratitude could have supported him in the anxious search. At last, he saw the object of his solicitude; but, alas! in what a situation!

Two harpies, in the dress of women, assisted by a boy of about twelve years old, were turning about the body, and stripping it of every thing. Charles cried out, "Stop, he is an Englishman!" *N' importe*, was the answer, and they continued their horrid work until by entreaties, and paying all the money he had about him, he prevailed so far as to prevent their taking his shirt and drawers. Their booty was not trifling, as Connor had with him a gold watch, and a locket set with brilliant, which enclosed a lock of my hair, besides a purse pretty well filled.

In vain did the good father beg for heaven's sake some of the wretches to assist in bearing away the body: not one would leave their plunder. He effected it himself so far as to get from the throng; he then laid it down, being unable to support it farther, and unwilling to quit the beloved remains (knowing that even the shirt he had redeemed would be torn from them) he determined to

watch all night, which was now nearly approaching.

He laid his hand upon the heart, and thought it was warm; he kept it there a little longer, and felt a fluttering. A hope arose in the priest's breast. He took off his own shirt and bound up the wounds, got water from *jet d' eau*, sprinkled my husband's face, and rubbed his temples, until manifest signs of life appeared; which gave such animations to Charles, that he once more raised him up, and got out of those fatal gardens.

He soon met a man with a kind of covered cart, whom he prevailed upon to take them up; and thinking home too great a distance in the present critical condition of his patient, went to his brother's house, by a back way, of which he had a key; there he was quickly provided with a bed, and by proper management my husband was restored to life.

Tremaville, who was the brother of our good priest, after ordering that all care should be taken of Connor, went out; he did not return till next morning, and then expressed much fear both for the safety of Connor and his own; he said it was publicly known that my husband had fought against the nation, besides uttering seditious and treasonable invectives, and that he was to be denounced (if found alive) as one of those who calumniated the French nation, with a view of setting the English against their cause; he added, that in gratitude for the protection so long shewn his brother, he would not give up his guest, but implored of him never to reveal by any means his asylum.

This was in proper time repeated to Connor, who was now quite sensible; but in a state of weakness bordering upon death, which rendered him quite tractable. In the course of the day he was lifted, upon his bed, into a kind of granary, to avoid the observations of the

the

the servants, who were not permitted to go there. Charles never quited him, unless to get any thing absolutely necessary, for two days. At last, urged by Connor, he returned to our hotel, to revive me with his intelligence.



CHAP.

CHAP. III.

I FOUND myself the better for exertion;—even got up, and was dressed. My little Gerald recovered; and every night I went in a *fiacre* the back way to Mr. Tremaville's, to see my husband, take him such things as were proper, and sooth his mind to acquiescence in his present obscurity; for Tremaville urged his danger as so exquisite, if discovered, that I almost thought his wounds fortunate, knowing, that in full health, Connor would not be concealed.

I often hazarded taking little Gerald with me, to the great delight of his father. Very early in the morning I returned to our hotel, put myself to bed, and hoped that all was undiscovered. Tremaville wanted me to put on weeds, but I agreed with Connor, that deception would not be proper. If a report was current of his death, we need not confute it until we pleased; but, to do any thing ourselves to make it believed, might only bring on worse perils, as it would argue cause for deceit; I only wished to keep him quiet until Lord G——'s departure, in whose suite we proposed returning to England.

One day, as I was answering a billet from Tremaville, my maid ran into the room with my child; she threw the sweet boy upon a sofa, and fell at my feet.

“Oh! Madam,” said she, “they are come! they are come!”

Her

Her fright, and the cries of my infant, made me expect something horrible ; and what could it be, but that the Municipality had discovered Connor, and would perhaps imprison me too ;—such things having been pretty frequent since the tenth of the month ; so I took my babe in my arms, and sat down to tie on his little hat, that he might be ready to accompany me.

The people entered with more civility than I expected. I made an inclination of my head, and demanded what they would have.

“ Madames, permission to search for concealed arms.”

What a relief the answer gave to me ! I said, certainly ; but begged to know why they should suspect me of having any.

“ Oh ! ” they replied, “ they did not suspect *la belle Anglaise*, but it was a form ; they

were appointed by the Committee of Surveillance to pay domiciliary visits."

They then proceeded on their kind intentions; but did not take away any of our pistols or fwords.

I have thought since, that these visits, under pretence of searching for concealed arms, were rather intended as inspections for other more valuable articles, in order that the mountain might know where to plunder, and what to lay their hands on first. I know they examined every place very narrowly, excepting once chest of drawers, which I assured them contained only my linen.

When I related the circumstance to Connor at night, he vowed he would return home and protect me from fears of every kind; but I still begged him to wait, as in three days more the Ambassador was to set out, and my fears of his being stopped had been so great, that I had put off making any application

cation until now, for leave to go in his suite, lest our name should transpire.

Next day I waited on the secretary to the embassy and explained our situation. He blamed Connor's conduct very much; but assured us of protection and passports, as it was that day the Ambassador was to apply for what were wanting.

I returned with alacrity to pack up my baggage, intending likewise to dedicate the evening to gratitude and Lady Anne, if she would receive me; if not, I determined to write her a letter of thanks for all her former goodness to me. I said alacrity, but not joy. Alas! no: that died with my father, and every instant my mind would dwell upon the idea, how happy should I have been in returning, was it to behold him—then sighs and tears—and then I would return to the business I was engaged in.

When

When I was going to sit down to dinner, Fanchon, my ci-devant servant, rushed into my apartment, and begged of me to go with her immediately.

"For what?" said I.

"Oh!" replied she, "come to see your husband."

"Why?" said I alarmed, "what do you know about him?"

"A great deal; and to prove it, learn that Monsieur Tremaville, and Charles, your servant, had formed a plan to betray him; which Monsieur finding out, escaped to a house in which I lodge, in la Rue * *: he has sent me in a fiacre that you may return in it without observation, and wishes to consult with you about some very important affairs."

Luckily I had sent the child's maid out to purchase some trifling article. The little Gerald was then sleeping in the cradle; but, as I knelt down and kissed him, he awoke, and I took him up to suckle. Fanchon seemed so agitated.

agitated by the delay, that, in order to save time, I went down, got into the fiacre, the precious babe in my arms; Fanchon followed, and we drove off.

I asked her numberless questions, but I found her answers odd and unsatisfactory; and, besides, I discovered we had got into a part of Paris to which I was a stranger. Then I apprehended treachery; and, looking steadily at her, asked for the truth. She had the effrontery to laugh.

“Why, indeed,” said she insultingly, “the truth is, that you are safe enough, and going to the *Maison de la force*. We did not like to take you by violence out of your Hotel, Madame being *une Anglaise*, and Tremaville thought that the farce was carried on long enough. We did intend to have taken you yesterday, and it is a pity we did not, as it would have saved you the trouble of going to the Ambassador’s; but an accident prevented us.”

When

When I found that Fremaville was in concert with this creature, I gave up all hope of safety; but how could I suspect that Charles, who had saved his Master's life, should thus turn against him? Yet, could I suppose it otherwise, especially, when she added,

“Charles has, by this time, waited upon the Secretary, to acquaint him, that Monsieur Connor is very well where he is, and means to stay in France to settle certain affairs that will require some time.”

She seemed so proud of her wickedness, that it was quite terrible to listen to her.

“You see, she resumed, “I entrust you without scruple; truly, I am not much afraid that you will ever betray me.”

“What is to be my fate?” I exclaimed, “or rather, what will be the fate of this little unfortunate?”

“Why not demand, what is your crime, Madame?”

“Because,”

"Because," answered I, "I know there is none; I detest crimes: and, besides, there is no justice now in France, — innocence bleeds, while guilt stalks triumphant. But, which of the demagogues have I offended?"

"A very great man, and good citizen; did you not refuse yourself to the embraces of D— O—? You were too nice: besides it was aristocratic to make a monopoly of your charms to one person—I never did so—but it is likely you may yet have the rejected opportunity; for he is a man who never gives up a point, even when he appears to forget it; and I need not advise you to be a little civil."

"Can I be civil, who expressed to you my abhorrence of crimes? That abhorrence is equally great to those, who delight in them. Am I, for this, to be severed from my helpless babe; or, is he to die with me?"

"Perhaps so!" said she.

"And is the father, too, involved?" cried I.

"Oh!

“Oh! for that, he has crimes enough of his own, he is guilty of *leze nation*.”

I saw all the horror of my fate, and was now, in my turn, silent; [as I could not expect any service from her, and was above shewing all my agonized feelings to one who took a manifest delight in exciting them.

I now felt indeed the tormenting anxiety a mother, and no one but a mother can experience; and inwardly prayed, that if I was to be thus dreadfully cut off, my babe might, in the same manner, escape the evil of being left, without parents, in the hands of those worse than savages.

Conceive my situation when thrust into the *Maison de la force*, with this precious burthen in my arms, and locked up for four hours in a room, which had not any kind of furniture; nor did I see any attendant until it was near dark. All I should have demanded was a little
food

food for poor Gerald, who, being used to it, at certain hours cried very much. I did all I could for him, sitting on the ground, with an aching heart, and cherishing him in my bosom—At last he sunk to sleep.



CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

THE keeper at length presented himself before me, with some straw, for a bed, making an apology, that there had been so many arrivals since the tenth, that they obliged the prisoners to provide beds for themselves.

“But,” said he, “Madame is not allowed permission.”

He asked me what I would have for supper. I ordered only bread and milk, intending it for my child; however, I was not sorry when I saw a chicken, recollecting, that for his sake I must not neglect myself; that I had my husband's honor in my keeping, and my own to assert,—that my child's life depended now upon my exertions, and I prayed that they might not be wanting.

With all these considerations in my head, I ate part of the chicken; the keeper brought me likewise some bread and milk; methought I read compassion in his looks, as he locked me up for the night—trust me, there was cause enough for it. The room felt damp and cold notwithstanding the time of year; I took off part of my clothes to wrap about my child; I then seated myself upon the straw, with my back against the wall, my Gerald in my arms; and there did the heiress to three thousand a year spend the night—not for any crime, but merely the want of one.

I thought on Connor, and felt much for what he would suffer upon finding that I was taken away; but the chief current of my thoughts ran towards my babe, and my greatest support was in the religious education I had received from father O'Callaghan; it was only that which now enabled me to endure my own life, and spare my child's; amidst the horrors of my prison; I could even have slept, had my bed been more congenial; for, after pouring out my soul in prayer, I felt composed; but, being accustomed to fine linen, silk curtains, and down beds, it requires habit at least to be easy upon a wisp of straw, surrounded only with damp walls, and odious vermine; the monster, too, that brought me there, was instigated by what vicious men call love, and what might ensue, too violently agitated me for repose.

However, the night passed, and I was not yet worn out; for I had my child in my arms, and conscious virtue for my support.

As I had not been able to sleep, the break of day was a cordial to me. I gently laid my infant, who still slept, upon the straw, while I arose, though very cold, to examine my apartment, in which there was no great variety, being quite unfurnished; and, for the window, it was so high that I could not see from it any thing, except a part of the sky, but that was cheering, and I stood gazing until my Gerald's waking called me to new cares. Poor little fellow! I then thought it a misfortune that I could not change his clothes, nor had any convenience for washing him.

I have since seen what trifles they were, in comparison with what thousands go through for life.

I became now his only nurse, and it is inconceivable how well necessity, by a little exertion, answers the same end as experience. I had not any in the management of an infant, having never been in the same house
where

where any lived, until my own saw the light ; and for him, of course, I had an attendant, on whom I relied for doing every thing that was proper, which to me appeared a perfect mystery ; for I was content to give him suck and play with him when in a good humour.

However, I now plucked up courage, and stripped him, spread out his clothes, and after rubbing his limbs for half an hour, put them on again,—but not in half an hour, it was an undertaking which employed me for five times that space. All the while I was detained in the *Maison de la force*, I pursued the same method each morning, with the addition of washing him, as I found I was allowed a small pitcher of water.

After spending a whole day in my prison unmolested, I began to hope, that being an English subject I was still likely to regain my liberty ; that, surely some inquiries would be made ;—the more I reflected, the stronger were my hopes. The quiet I
was

was left in argued, I thought, the fear of my persecutors; but, when day after day rolled on, one week passed—almost another—then indeed my heart sunk, and I felt as if deserted by all the world. As for Connor, I thought that some dreadful vengeance had fallen upon him; from the goaler I could not learn any thing, as he would only speak upon what related to my few accommodations: and thus, in dead silence, passed the greater part of my sad time, save when broken by the cries of my little Gerald.



CHAP. V.

THE first of September my apartment was opened, and D— O— himself appeared before me. I had exchanged the clothes I had on at my entrance for some others my keeper had procured; that were warm but clean, and certainly better adapted to my situation, than a fine muslin chemise richly laced.

D— O— gazed at me with attention.

“What, handsome still!—Nay, if possible, more beauteous in this humble garb! You are in the very style I admire, and I will endeavour to love you yet, if you will only be grateful.”

I disdained to parley with the wretch, and took to my only solace, hugging my babe, which I then did involuntarily. The spiteful D— O— told me, that since I would not yield to gentleness, superlative French gentleness, a straw bed and a prison; my punishment should be severe.

“I will punish you in every vein that runs into your heart,” said he; “in your husband, in your child; and at last I will possess myself of that person you prize so much, and then your death is sealed.”

I shrieked when he mentioned my child, which only seemed to give him a savage joy; he said it should be the first victim to my *virtue*, with a sneer; but, no doubt, you will
call

call it *martyrdom*. He then endeavoured to snatch him from me, but my resistance was so vehement as to retard his design, though I knew it must be unavailing; for what were my struggles, made too with a fear of hurting my child, in comparison to the ruffian attempt of one, whose aim was to torture us both? But it was impulse, it was instinct, or, shall I call it inspiration; for, just as I was compelled to quit my hold the door opened again, and S——, so well known, walked in hastily.

“What are you about?” said he to D—O—, “wait until to-morrow, for such nonsense as this—devil choke the brat for squalling!”

And the beast actually put his wicked paws to my poor child's throat, and would have then ended his days, only my screaming appeared a still more frightful interruption to their conversation, which I must confess was not about trifles.

“I have been hunting for you at the Palace,” said S—, “and was told you had left it with a view to mark those who are to die on your own private account. As to national affairs, we all know who are to go. But as I am to sit as judge to-morrow, I want to know who is to live, and here, in a moment of such consequence I find you dallying with a woman and her child. The executioners too refuse to act, unless you pay them down to night. I told them they might rely upon your behaving generously, when the business was done:—but no, they seem to think you would be more likely to hire others again, with fresh promises, and put them out of the way in the same manner: then two of the Assembly refuse to countenance the affair, even after it shall be concluded upon. Madame Roland has heard something of it, and has sent in her dearest’s name to Santerre, to demand National guards; but we are pretty secure of him. Barrere wavers. Louvet thinks we mean to have you for King.

In

In short, we are at neck or nothing; and here what are you doing? I traced you to Lamballe's room first, and now here; *parbleu*, wait until to-morrow for women!"

"I am only marking my principal objects," said D— O— coolly; "this female citizen is one; she might have lived a little longer only for her impertinence; at all events I meant to *badiner* with her a little to night; but other affairs are pressing, so to-morrow let her be the next after Lamballe; and, upon seeing their heads, will I fix my hopes of favor from such chaste ladies. Come, S——, we must talk about this matter elsewhere."

Again I was left in a state, how horrible! Though my doom was fixed, what was to be the child's? — Nothing but my reliance on Providence prevented my putting an end to his life; thinking it a motherly act to exempt him from the miseries that seemed to impend over us both. Instead of that, I gave him his accustomed supper, and putting him

to sleep upon the straw, set about preparing myself for my threatened destiny.

I cannot pretend to say, that, independent of others, I felt no regrets at my own death approaching, so sudden—so violent—so undeserved. I could have spent the night in tears and useless lamentation ; but my inward monitor checked that course, and turned my whole endeavours towards that great end we are all desirous to accomplish ; and I, with the utmost fervor, past many hours at my devotions ; after which, if I did not feel happy, at least I was not miserable. I even, when so worn out with fatigue as to be obliged to lie down, fell into a profound sleep, which lasted till about six next morning, —when I was roused by the most dreadful noise that I had ever heard ; the cannon was fired, the tocsin rung ; but, much the most horrible sounds are those which issue from human lungs, when dictated by malice and cruelty.

Such

Such were the howlings that dismayed, and almost took away my recollection; they were soon accompanied by bitter groans, as of people dying in agony, and screams of others, as if terrified; those of women resounded most dreadfully. In this manner some more hours rolled on. I wondered and feared when it would be my turn; but when my door opened, and I was laid hold on by two ruffians, the shock overcame me, and I fainted away.

It was not long before I revived, and looked, with astonishment, at one of the men, who was chaffing my temples with assiduity; but, alas! thought I, it is not for any good this is done. I sprung to my Gerald, and, holding him fast, said that I was ready.

The men consulted some time softly, but with much agitation; as I thought, about the disposal of my child. I, mean while, strove to collect my thoughts so as to act in the best manner for him; my own life there seemed

seemed no probability of saving; but might I not throw myself at their feet, and implore them to conceal him? Still I restrained myself, with the idea of the preference I ought to give to his death, than merely to preserve a wretched and wicked life, as I must suppose would be the consequence of giving him up to ruffians.

They approached me again, and led me out of the apartment, which I had so unwillingly entered, but would now have gladly remained in. Knowing, however, that I must obey, and that, the less delay I made, the fewer would be my torments, I walked on with as much fortitude as I could collect, until we came into one of the courts, when my eyes were assailed with such objects as I never shall forget.

At my feet lay the body of a young nobleman I had often seen, his throat cut, and numberless wounds in his body. I screamed and closed my eyes, but was obliged to open them

them to avoid treading on the headless body of a woman.

My conductors appeared to tremble, as I concluded, with savage eagerness to destroy me; but I found that we were to be brought to a mock tribunal before the blow could be given, and the place was so crowded we could not get in; so I was forced to stand along with them some distance from the door. To my surprise, my conductors rather made way for others, than pushed in themselves; and, Oh! reader, you would hardly believe the inhuman haste that was made to shed blood, the moment the victims were dismissed by the judges.

I saw a venerable old lady, bending a little with years, but more from sorrow—I saw her just passing the threshold of that dreadful door, when one of her executioners, with a violent blow, felled her to the earth; and, assisted by another, dragged her away, to

finish the murder more deliberately. I saw the head of Madame Lamballe streaming with blood ; but the face was washed, the eyes glaring, and the hair dressed, by the savages who murdered her ; it was on a pike, raised high, and the sight occasioned horrid yells of laughter ; the blood fell upon me,—I shuddered—but a crowd followed this horrid sight, and my conductors then seized each one of my arms ; and along with this crowd—along with this head—along with these leaders, I found myself on the outside of the walls which enclose the *Maison de la force*.

I was now so surprised as not to know, or believe, that I really was lifted into a *fiacre* waiting at a little distance ; and, when I heard the voice first of my husband, and next of Charles, I patted my eyes to try if I was not asleep. Indeed, I was not quite in my senses. I gazed wildly about me, for some time, unknowing my situation, but wishing to recollect it, and wondering how the two assassins could look and speak so like

Connor

Connor and Charles ; for as to their being really those persons, was, I thought, an impossibility.

They gave me some drops that had been procured, to be ready for such an emergency, and rubbed my hands and temples ; while my anxious Connor tried to sooth me, in his manner, cursing those who had brought me into such a state, and himself, for keeping me in the Kingdom ; until at last a flood of tears relieved me ; and, as soon as I knew my husband, I threw myself into his arms, and endeavoured to express my joy at seeing him, whom I thought dead, blessing the day that saw my little Gerald restored to both his parents.

Just as I was going to ask how these things had turned out so fortunately, the *fiacre* stopped at our Hotel : we went in, but the desolation we beheld almost made us distrust our senses—the servants were fled, and there
was

was only an old woman in the house, whom our landlord had sent to keep it aired.

As he lived at no great distance, we sent for him, and he came along with the messenger. He was much astonished at seeing us, for, as he told us, Mr. Connor was thought to be dead since the tenth of August; and Madame, it was reported, had gone secretly with the Ambassador's servants.

"The evening," added he, "that Madame went out, as every body thought only for an airing, or for a little business, that very evening Fanchon returned to the house, and demanded, in Madame's name, her casket of jewels, as there was a good opportunity offered of sending them to England, which was by no means to be delayed; your maid refused to give them up without a written order; upon that they thought Fanchon was going away, but she only went to the door, and beckoned some citizens, who were evidently waiting for her, and who had an order

had

to

to pay a domiciliary visit. Monsieur Tremaville was with them ; so was Charles, your own domestic, Charles, was with them ; but I see he is now with you, so I suppose he did what was right."

"Well, as I was observing, the citizens produced an order from the Municipality, testifying that every thing belonging to Terence Connor, was in requisition for the use of the Republic, as the said Connor had fallen on the tenth of August, fighting against the Majesty of the People. You, Madame, were named in it rather disrespectfully, as aiding and abetting the said Connor, and likewise being very bad otherwise ; but that is always considered as words of course. However, the servants seeing how things were, took away their own goods, and, perhaps some others, and left all the rest to the Republic. Charles gave up the plate - Fanchon went up stairs, but returned to acquaint us that the jewels were missing : every thing else was carried off before my face ; for I had heard that there was a noise in the house, and
had

had just stepped in to see what it could be. I asked, whether some of the plate ought not to be given to me, to pay the rent that was deficient ; but I was ordered not to prefer any selfish claim against the Republic. I then observed, that the Republic ought not to starve her citizens, by taking away their just rights ; but citizen Tremaville said, that I was talking like a suspected person : and you know, Monsieur, that was enough to make a prudent man hold his tongue ; but all is gone however."

"No matter," continued our landlord, after a short pause, "it is part of a good citizen to hold his peace, so I said no more to them ; beside, there was a great many of the people entering the apartment, and I thought that an appeal to them might occasion my promotion to the height of my own lamp post. Your jewels, Madame, would have paid me, and left a large residue, so I attempted to seek them ; but I saw Fanchon at the theatre two days afterwards, decorated with

with a great number of costly ornaments, which I thought I had seen you wear; she was sitting by the side of that good citizen, Trimaville, I own I could not help looking a little earnestly at them, which the worthy people seemed to observe; and, mark the consequence. Next day citoyenne Fanchon marched, at the head of some obscure women, whom she had previously allured, to render themselves famous to the National Assembly; where they deposited what they pleased to call *their* jewels, which, they said, they should blush to wear while the nation wanted money for their brave soldiers. Fanchon left a very handsome pair of diamond ear-rings, the trinkets of the others were worth but little, however they were honored by applauses and sittings, the president kissed them, and it was decreed "that they deserved well," so I gave over all hopes of being paid my rent; — but, *vive la nation*, you are returned, Monsieur, and I am glad to see you safe."

As

As citizen Marone finished these words, Charles entered; he had been for some refreshment, which my anxious mind would not allow me to partake of, but I fed my child; Connor eat heartily, and appeared to consider himself quite secure.

"How is this," said I to Charles, "I am told, one day that you join Trimaville, to betray us, and the next you snatch me from the most dreadful fate; yet you were amongst the plunderers of our house, and your Trimaville is evidently our enemy."

"True," answered Charles "there is enough to cover me with grief, but not with guilt. I, who thought myself likely to be a shield to the unfortunate, through the assistance of Trimaville, have been converted into a trap to decoy the unwary; — little did I suspect, when he used to lead the subject towards you, my dear protectors, that it was with a view to plunder you; but he was artful and I confided in him, He was
soon

soon very intimate at the Palais Royal, and I fear was one of those who insisted upon marking you as victims, as D— O— would not have gone such lengths with a foreman had not very strong motives prompted him. Pardon me, Monsieur Connor, but you pointed out the only way by which they could succeed;—had you not joined the unhappy party in the Thuilleries, your safety, and Madame's could never have been endangered, however it might have been wished: but you have brought yourself into a perilous state, from whence, I see but a small chance of extricating you."

"Not extricate me?" said Connor, "there is a very plain way; I will go to the Assembly, complain of the wrongs I have sustained, and demand a passport, which they will not dare to refuse. What can they allege against me, but that I attempted to save some poor fellows from being murdered, and was near sharing the same fate?"

"My

“My dear Sir, your allegations will not be heard; the Assembly are governed by a few, and those few are against you; they will not allow you to return to divulge what has happened to you; remain quiet and concealed, perhaps I may yet have an opportunity of serving you, by procuring means to get you hence: Citizen Marone, your host, is a worthy man, he can conceal you in this very house, now it is thought to be empty; if you ever get safe home I am sure you will reward him.”

“As to reward, Charles,” replied Marone, “you know where the plate is, no doubt, that was taken by your own instruction; probably Monsieur Connor may not want it in his confinement, and that would reward me, and keep a little money for his own use.”

“Aye,” said I, “your diligent friendship, no doubt, has preserved us that resource; what a blessing to have such a worthy person about us.”

“No,

“No, truly,” said Charles, colouring with shame for his brother, “your plate is at Trimaville’s, who will most likely keep the largest share, and the rest will be melted down for the public good; but I can command a little money, and that shall be yours, Citizen Marone, if you will permit my Master and Mistress to remain here, beside, I can answer for their paying you any price, as soon as they have it in their power.”

Citizen Marone was a very good man, I believe, but did not like to run himself into danger for other people; however, his conscience would not permit him to turn us out, and we resolved to stay there for the present; but Connor assured him of an immense sum as soon as he was able to command it.

We agreed not to have any attendant but Charles, who was to come every night with provisions, and leave us before morning. Marone promised us a few accommodations;—for what had not been taken away of our property

perty by the *committe de surveillance*, had been destroyed by the sovereign people, so that we found ourselves in a very destitute condition; and, but for Charles, it would not have been a surprising circumstance had we perished for want though Connor had a large estate, and I was an Irish Heiress.



CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

WHEN we were left to ourselves we mutually congratulated each other, and caressed little Gerald, who, strange to tell, was as healthy as if he had never been in prison; and began to discover, as we thought, many tokens of aptitude. The little creature fatigued me in body and mind; for he lived in my arms, and I was constantly most anxious about his fate; but yet he made sufficient amends for every care, by his sweet smiles, which I almost thought were directed

by an immediate order of Providence, to cheer and support me under my difficulties: And who shall presume to say it was not?

We that are Christians, believe, that there is a particular Providence over the good, of which number I always endeavoured to be, and maugre my numberless failings; I might, in some measure, attribute my sufferings to the cause of virtue. Let the philosopher laugh at me, but I acknowledge that I thought myself not unhappy in my uncomfortable situation, in a plundered house, which was beside, to me a prison; as I was blessed with a conscience which told me I had not done wrong to any body living, nor ever omitted my superior duties, as far as my power to practise them would permit. But, how I digress.

I ranged all over my former apartments, and picked up some things that had belonged to my Gerald, which now were very acceptable

able indeed. I dressed him in his new found habiliments, and laid the sweet babe on a bed which had been provided by Monsieur Marone, and requested Connor to tell me all the particulars of my release; but, as I heard some other parts of the story from Charles afterwards, they shall be related in as connected a manner as my poor abilities will allow.

My reader must remember, that I mentioned going away with Fanchon, in a fiacre, on the twenty-third of August, to all appearance voluntarily. When Charles asked for me, my servants could only tell him, that I had taken the child out, and they supposed my business was very pressing, as dinner was just coming up, and though I had given orders about it, I had not yet returned.

That night a message was brought to the servants, that I was well, in pleasant company, and would probably remain some days.

Charles knew not what to think, for he was certain I was not with my husband. He ran to Fanchon's lodgings; she had not returned: his uneasiness was almost unbearable, both on my account and Connor's, who he knew would never submit to confinement, if he suspected danger; for in danger I must be, he was persuaded; for he thought it very unlike my character to make such an elopement as the message seemed to imply

Unwilling then to bring such bad news, and ignorant how to conceal the truth—unable too, to form any conjecture of my fate—Charles lingered about the back offices belonging to his brother's house, even after the disappearance of twilight; he was laying stretched upon a low wall when two figures passed him slowly.

I will not attempt to frighten you, my valiant reader, as many cruel authors have done of late years, though I am sensible, that
if

if ghosts ever were brought in with propriety it would be in Paris, where so many lives have been and are daily shortened;—I will not say that these were spectres, in truth they were worse.

It was Trimaville and Fanchon, who had got acquainted upon her being sent from us;—they were mentioning how much spoil we should probably produce. Fanchon seemed to exult very much in what she termed my defeat, and said, she wished Connor to have the poison that night; when they separated she went out of the private back door, and Trimaville returned to the house.

Charles flew to Connor, fearing almost to see him dead, and accusing himself as one of his murderers. He found his patient in a sound sleep; which fortunately prevented the faithful priest from delivering the shocking tidings too abruptly.

When Connor awoke and asked for me, Charles told him to compose his mind for the night, and not expect me, as it was unsafe to trust myself in such a place, where both our lives were fought. He proceeded to inform him of the plan of poison, and, in short, every thing but my confinement; though he had very few hopes of being able to keep that a secret for any time.

Connor coincided in the propriety of my staying away, and likewise urged the necessity of removing himself, against which there was nothing to urge but the danger of his wounds, and even that was counter-balanced by a greater; so they agreed to move off as soon as the family should be quite settled, and in the mean time, Charles assisted in dressing him, which was a work of time; for the agitation that now seized him at the prospect of enlargement, the indignation he felt at his unworthy host, and the weakness incident to his situation, made him stagger frequently,

frequently, and he would have fallen, but for the friendly aid of Charles.

Just as every thing of that sort was accomplished, and they were sitting still, that my husband might recover breath, the door opened and Trimaville entered, with some news; he started, at observing all their preparations, nor were they ^{themselves} confused; but Charles, who had remarkable presence of mind, said,

“Come, Trimaville, join me in trying to persuade Mr. Connor, from going out at this hour; not having seen Madame all day, he says that he will go and learn the reason.”

Trimaville certainly knew more about me than any of that company, but, affecting ignorance, he supposed that the child was ill, or that I was occupied in preparations for our departure; he begged of Monsieur not to attempt going until Madame should ar-

rive in the morning, with a proper equipage, to take him immediately to Lord G——'s, and rather in the mean time, endeavour to get rest to enable him to bear the fatigue of a journey.

He presented the negus, which Connor held out his hand to take, with a menacing air, intending to dash it in Trimaville's face, but Charles intercepted the glass, observing that he had better undress first, and take some composing drops in the negus.

Connor was prudent enough to comply quietly, as a moment's reflection made him sensible, that his safety depended upon the greatest circumspection; accordingly, though very much mortified at the necessity, he began to take off his cloaths, and, when laid down, Charles took the glass, poured in some drops of laudanum, and dexterously contrived to stand between him and Trimaville, while Connor poured the draught into the bed, pretending

pretending to drink it. Trimaville then gave a ghastly grin, of horrid satisfaction, and left them.

As soon as they thought he was at a safe distance, they again prepared for their departure, and got out of the granary; but, conceive their horror and disappointment, at finding the gate through which Charles used to pass, secured with an iron bar, on which was fastened an enormous padlock.

This was such a blow to their hopes of deliverance, that it almost stunned them. They attempted every mode of forcing the bar, drawing the staples, scaling the wall, but all in vain. At last the lamp went out. They then groped their way back again to the shelter of the granary.

Connor was not so much dejected as the priest, for he had not lost all hopes of seeing me in the morning.

However, it was now necessary to tell every thing, and Charles accomplished that terrible task. It was then, that poor Connor accused himself of being my destroyer — keeping me in that devoted country against my will—and, in his first frenzy, ran to the glass he had so much abhorred before, and would have drained it, had not his faithful friend prevented him.

At last, Charles prevailed upon him to hear reason. I was only confined, and as I could not be implicated in any shadow of crime against the nation, must be released very soon; — in all probability I was only taken out of the way, that they might the easier plunder our property, which was one great object; moreover, he represented, that Connor's only chance of ever seeing me was through his own prudent circumspection, for that, as he was universally thought to have perished on the tenth, there were none to inquire for him as long as I should be confined.

fined. The Ambassador, no doubt, might; but how easy to give him a satisfactory answer, for he would not have time to investigate, as his stay was to end the next day.

Charles would have gone to him at that time of night, but every door was fastened; no doubt, the same thought had occurred to Trimaville.

There remained then, nothing but stratagem, and it was fortunate, Connor had a Frenchman to assist him, for it was a new road to his upright understanding.

It was determined that he should counterfeit the dead man, and in his coffin rested his hopes of deliverance.

In the morning Charles awoke his brother, and told him a story of Connor's expiring in convulsions, he seemed to believe that he had taken poison, and demanded
what

what was to become of him, in the most earnest manner.

Trimaville seemed shocked at first, but recovering himself, did not disavow the fact of poisoning Connor, who was, he said, the object of hatred to all Frenchmen.

“Was he not always,” said he, “villifying our glorious struggles for liberty, and did he not dip his hands in the blood of citizens on the tenth? Did he think, that being an English subject would procure him indemnity? The only difference he found by that proud title, which he gloried in of *Irishman*, was, of being taken off privately, instead of peeping through the little window; his treasures fell to me and another, who has always informed us of his atrocities; but, as we are to do every thing quietly, you shall accompany the people who will be sent, and after the form of putting on your seal, deliver over to them the plate and other valuables,

ables, of which I have an inventory, even to the most minute article."

Charles positively refused to give any sanction to the robbery, and reproached his brother for his depravity; who very coolly told him, to take care of himself, for if he did not comply he should be proceeded against as a refractory ex-priest. Charles was sufficiently alarmed at that threat to obey orders, which he knew would be fulfilled equally to our detriment, whether he gave his countenance, or not; he only stipulated for a decent coffin, and liberty to bury his master, (as he stiled Connor) the ensuing night.

He was so much taken up with the thoughts of their common danger, in case of any body's examining Connor, that he was quite incoherent, in giving directions about the coffin, but that passed off for grief, with the servant who was entrusted; for Trim-
ville

ville would not let him leave the house all that day, fearing the application he would certainly have made to Lord G——, so he remained in the granary with Connor, who was very impatient at the part he was obliged to act, particularly when Trimaville came in to view him; he was in the greatest terror lest he should feel the warm body, but was relieved by his only casting a glance at it, as if half appalled at the destruction he had made, and as the place was darkened, Connor pale with sickness and anxiety, and himself not suspecting such a manoeuvre, he went back without making any discovery.

That night Trimaville helped the servant before mentioned and Charles, to take the coffin and bear it to a neighbouring cemetery, where Charles and the servant remained behind to dig a grave.

This was the worst time for the poor body in the coffin, who had been stifled but for the
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the precaution that had been taken to give air, and would have been very uneasy about the consequences of being laid in the grave, had he not had entire confidence in Charles, who now sent away the servant for some wine, pretending great fatigue; and then released Connor, who assisted in filling the coffin with stones and dirt, and closed it again ready to be put into the grave, when Joseph returned.

Connor concealed himself while that was done, and Charles then took him to the house of an old woman he knew, would do any thing for her pastor, and next day endeavoured to find me out, but vain were his inquiries; Fanchon would not reveal the place of my detention, and he, as a last recourse, went to his brother, though his sight was horrible to his ideas, and by perseverance and oft returning to the charge, at last found that the *Maison de la force* was my prison.

Charles was obliged to go along with the officers of the Municipality, to give up the
valuable

valuables belonging to our Hotel; and, to his great surprise, found that every man had an inventory of the several articles; and with great effrontery, upon missing some, threatened to have the servants tried for embezzling the National property.

They were to take my jewels — but no doubt, Fanchon did not like to receive them through their hands, so, as has been related, took them herself, excepting some trifling articles which, in her hurry, she left on my toilet, and the housemaid whipped up and was putting some into her bosom; but, being detected, very narrowly escaped being thrown out of the window as a thief, and guilty of *incivisme*, in disgracing the justice and integrity of the people, who, excepting her, were all virtuous. So said Tremaville, so echoed his associates.

CHAP. VII.

THINGS were in such a ferment now in Paris, that Connor could not appear; but still there was at that time, some glimmering of hope, that things would change for the better in a little time, by the people coming to their senses; but what grieved him most was, that they could not gain any intelligence about me.

He was almost broken-hearted, when, on the second of September, Charles ran into
the

the room where he was lying and wishing for death ; but, startled at the horror visible in the countenance of the priest, he arose hastily and demanded whether I was dead.

“ I really do not know,” said Charles, “ but a band of hired ruffians are now in the prison, murdering the prisoners ; put on this garb, and smear your face ; I am going to do the same ; we may save her.”

Connor sprung up, and impatiently followed his directions, resolved to save me, if possible, or to die fighting for me ; they associated in the cause the good woman’s two sons, who were in readiness with the fiacre to receive me on the east side, but refused to enter the walls.

The rest my reader is informed of, only I must remark, that the keepers made the same mistake as I had done, of supposing them part of the gang of assassins, and so al-

lowed them free liberty to roam about, and drag away what prisoners they pleased.

Thus, however eminent the danger we may be in, yet there are ways by which Providence, without any apparent miracle, may release us.

I do not invent an improbable story, for the sake of drawing the moral; the like stories are well known to many. If I mistake not, Doctor Moore mentions something of our history, with some variation, as he had no way to arrive at facts; he calls me a French lady, mistaking Connor and Charles for two servants.

Gratitude for my deliverance was unbounded;—no tongue can express, no pen describe it. Connor was so well satisfied with my lively expressions of thanks, that he pronounced himself happier than he had ever been before in his life.

“ You

"You will now love me," said he, "and believe that your faithful Connor can never hesitate to run the risk of his own life to preserve yours."

I always made suitable answers, as far as my powers of speech would permit me, and the appearance of our dear little Gerald rendered us almost too exhilarated; indeed, it is astonishing how we could forget our critical situation, and act as if we were exactly the three happiest beings in the world.

My part was maid of all work, and I acquired some proficiency in sweeping rooms, making beds, &c. while Connor cleaned knives, and nursed the babe; no Welch curate and his wife had more various domestic employments; yet often, when the very happy fit was over for a little, Connor's feelings were intolerable, they became indignant at the appearance of skulking from danger, and it was only love for me and little Gerald

Gerald that prevented his going openly to the Convention to claim his right as a British subject ; but, as it was impossible not to see the danger of such a project, he dreaded to involve us in it.

Charles came every second night with provisions, which he purchased with money borrowed from such as were still religious, who loved their priests, and rejoiced in fulfilling their pious duties whenever an opportunity offered.

We made no scruple of using it, recording the sums in our pocket book, and the giver in our hearts ; being certain, as we thought, of repaying them on some future day.

We made anxious inquiries after Lady Anne and Bergasse. Alas ! every day had some new tale of horror. Bergasse was murdered on the same day I was so miraculously released

released, and some friend (I suspect it was citizen F——, who had married Miss, Lady Anne's eldest daughter), had sent the head to his unfortunate widow. F——, but why conceal his name—Freron, was then in her chamber, and called out, savagely exulting, to his sister-in-law, desiring her to look up, for that Bergasse was come at last to rejoin her. She did look up, but the different and violent conflicts of extreme joy and grief overcame her; she threw her arms round the pale, glaring, bleeding, head, embraced it, fell back, and expired. ——

Freron informed Lady Anne of every horrid circumstance, hoping, I suppose, that she too might fall a prey to grief and horror: it had nearly that effect, but still she did recover slowly.

The female citizen Freron was struck with remorse at the unfeeling part she had acted, and would now have attended her mother, and endeavoured to make what amends were
still

still in her power; but Freron would not allow her to enter her chamber, all the while she was in danger; so that there was presented a scene, which will never be, I hope, repeated; of a fond and tender mother, dying with grief, in the same house with a daughter, who never entered her room until she was sent to wring her heart afresh, by making the demand of her deceased sister's fortune.

But these are the true revolutionary principles. Freron made his wife insist upon that money, to purchase some estates which had belonged to emigrant Nobility. He pretended, some time after, to lose it all; and, in a few weeks following divorced his wife.

Lady Anne had returned to Ireland; and Miss Daly would have gladly followed her, but was not permitted; for she was accused of some imaginary crime, and long confined.—She is now in Ireland, lamenting, that, with all her prudence and discernment, phi-

losophy and patriotifm, fhould be her ruin; that France is not free, though ſhe has murdered her King; that ſhe is not happy, tho' ſhe has butchered half her children. But, I underſtand, the energy of her mind is now employed in compoſing, "The real principles of liberty," which, no doubt, ſhe is well qualified to do, having experienced all the delightful gradations of it, in the charming Metropolis of Paris.

The fate of this unhappy family is ſo intereſting, that I have thrown together here, what I learned in the courſe of time; only omitting to mention, that Lady Anne has been prevailed on to marry a gentleman, who addreſſed her ſome years back, but ſhe had refuſed him for the ſake of her children; his conſtancy made him return to the charge, when her ſituation altered; and, I am glad to ſay, that ſhe ſeems now to be reſtored to health, and ſomething almoſt like happineſs.

CHAP. VIII.

STILL affairs in France grew worse and worse. At last the King was murdered. How many tears I have shed, at the recitals Charles used to make, of the sufferings of that worthy man:—but I don't mean to go into any details of public affairs; they are as well known in England as in France; only I observe, that upon breaking out of the war all our hopes of escaping were lost.

The treatment, too, of those English, who had shewed their affection for the present system, by voluntarily remaining under it, was sufficiently discouraging.

Our landlord evidently wished us away; but where could we go? We gave him what money we could spare, which was not inconsiderable, for Charles was indefatigable in our cause, and one lady in particular, who was very rich, he entrusted with our story: she was so pleased with my adherence to the Catholic faith, that she promised to find some way to assist us in getting out of the country, and sent us many sums of money, for which Connor used to return his note.

Unhappily she was too good for her country, and too rich not to be plundered; before I left Paris she was tried for *incivisme*, and for assisting emigrés with money. Connor's notes were produced, as evidence against her, and she was guillotined along with her grand-daughter, who was suspected of knowing

ing,

ing, and not revealing, her guilt. This is liberty! — French liberty! — Philosopher's liberty! — This is true equality of rights! I could not help relating, the fact, though it did not happen until after the time I am now writing about.

In the middle of February, 1793, they took up our faithful Charles, whom we now looked up to as a father; and, I fear, that his fate was the same, with others of his holy function. The rulers of France seemed determined that even one righteous man should not be left, to save the rest. We could learn nothing but dreaded the worst; yet, we knew, that nothing less than confinement, would have kept him from the benevolent office of administering to our wants.

The first night he was delayed, passed over in much anxiety, but not without hope, that some lesser accident might have intervened. Connor would have had me go to

rest towards morning, but how was it possible to compose my mind, in such a situation? I anticipated the grief of losing our only true friend; and, beside the personal loss, what a prospect opened! We should inevitably be thrown upon the mercy of men, who had not any! Children are a great blessing. Even in our agitated situation Gerald would sometimes draw our attention to him, and keep us from distraction.

Another night passed, and no Charles. We could no longer flatter ourselves with hopes, which the state of affairs did not allow of. We lamented him so sincerely that we forgot our other calamities; but, nature prevailed, at last, and self became the predominant feeling. We were obliged to consider what would be the best mode of procuring such articles as were necessary for her support: we had a very little money, with which Connor went out and purchased some bread; we had still tea, sugar, and fuel: however, we were sensible

sible that something must be done to continue even these moderate expences. As to asking the lady who used to supply us, it was too humiliating; it had an appearance as if we meant to live entirely upon her charity, without attempting to assist ourselves: beside, I had my watch, that, we looked to as a great treasure, though I dreaded its loss, being the only time-piece in the house.

After our cash was expended, the watch was sentenced, and my dear Connor set out at eleven o'clock one night, to dispose of it. My business, while he was away, upon this occasion, was, to put Gerald to sleep, lay the cloth, stir the fire and sweep the hearth; after which I sat down, and reflection would intrude itself.

I found, that my affection for my husband increased every day; he had saved my life; was my only companion, in all my misfortunes; he curbed his own impetuous temper

to accommodate mine ; he was the affectionate father of my darling child ; his fervent and unabating love too, would have stamped me monster, not to have returned it.

My thanks were offered to Providence, for enabling me to follow my father's dictates, instead of my own inclinations ; and, though I felt keenly for the misfortunes which overwhelmed us, dared not repine. Was I not well rewarded in a worthy husband ? Ah ! how desolate did my heart feel while he was away ; and, with what joy did I unbar the door at his return !—He was so good as to express himself delighted at my affectionate reception of him ; and, had we been only in a place of safety, a happier couple had never existed.

Alas ! how often have I cast away my pen, and again returned to it, to relate an occurrence, that even now plunges me in the deepest affliction ! I wish to repress my feelings,

ings, it is my part to narrate, not to describe; my sufferings, should be judged of from the facts themselves, not from the light in which my passions would decorate them.

To sell this watch Connor went into a Jeweller's. While he was disposing of it, three men came in, attended by a servant, who was loaded with some articles of plate. It was Connor's property; and Trimaville was in the act of giving directions how he would have it altered, when Connor turned round, and looked at him attentively. Trimaville started, and turned pale; while Connor, putting his money into his pocket, walked composedly out, of the shop; and, after buying what we wanted at home, returned to me, to whom he repeated the transaction, exulting in his own moderation in not attaching Trimaville.

"You see, Augusta," said he, "I am quite a reformed man; never more call me rash

or impetuous, since I mastered my choler, even upon such an occasion, though I felt my blood boiling all the while; and, perhaps, had he spoke one word, would have done something violent; yet, I thought of you, of my Gerald, and came home like a quiet, tame husband, who is contented to please his wife, and sleep in a whole skin.

I was alarmed at what he told me, and begged of him not to venture out for some time.

“Why,” said he, gaily, “I do not think we are quite provided for a siege, and I am not quite stout enough to like the thoughts of starving my magnanimous garrison.”

“No,” said I, “nor am I so valiant as to desire it; but *I* will, for a few days, be the purveyor: no person can know me in this plain dress, and little tight cap, not even of my acquaintance, much less those amongst those whom I mean to go.”

He

He would have laughed me out of my fears; and asserted, that Trimaville certainly mistook him for an apparition.

“Oh!” said I, “he might at first; but, do you think he made no inquiries after you left the shop? — Do you think his companions all believe in ghosts? — or, that the Jeweller could conceive a spectre should sell a watch? — that watch, too, he will see, and it will confirm every doubt.”

Connor, after attempting to reason me out of my fears, at last grew out of patience, and finding I could do no good, I ceased to urge them any more, that night; but the next he would go out, though there was no necessity for it; and, when he returned, found me in hysterics.

On my recovery, he hoped to persuade me to be more valiant, as he had gone and was returned safe; and that this was, what he

had wished to convince me would be the case. But a presentiment possessed me, that something would happen; of which I could not divest myself. He tenderly embraced me, and said, that since my peace really depended so much upon having my own way, he would submit.

“But, faith,” added he, “we are changing characters very fast; I am become a very passive, henpecked, dear; and my Augusta is something headstrong: however, neither of us will be obliged to go out for a few nights.”

We went on happily, excepting my terror, which still adhered to me, until our stock was exhausted; and then I insisted on his giving me permission to go; beside, I told him, it would benefit my health.

How many directions and charges did he give me. He opened the door, and embraced

braced me; he would have remained on the outside until my return, but I besought him not, so earnestly, that he went in and shut the door. Alas! he had then taken his last look of me.

I felt timid; not for want of courage, but because I had never before been in the street without protection, which made me suppose, that every body would think it as odd as I did myself; and I wished to shrink from the observation of people, who, as I have since thought, never bestowed a glance upon me.

I tottered, and hurried, and passed the little shop three or four times, before I had resolution to enter it. When that was accomplished, no farther difficulties remained. My basket was speedily filled, and I took the road home, pleasing myself with the hopes of again meeting my Connor.

When I turned the corner near which we dwelt, I was surprised to see a sort of equipage

page before the door ; I ran towards it, my heart throbbing with terror, and when I came almost opposite, —— Oh ! heavens ! can I write the rest ? ——

On my nearer approach, I saw a light descending the staircase ; it came to the door : it was carried by a strange man, it was followed by my husband, dragged along by ruffians, gagged and bound.

I rushed forward, and shrieking violently would have torn him from them. The inhuman villains dashed me to the ground, and threatened me with the same fate.

“I desire no other,” said I, and raised myself, calling upon my beloved Connor.

Oh ! what a sight it was, to behold him, fastened to a board, his hands tied, and, before my glaring eyes his head was struck off ! ——it dropped into the cart. ——

I heard them debating about murdering me—I presented myself—I was ready to die with my husband—they knew me not for the wife of Connor, who had been supposed dead long before. One of them swore they had performed what they were paid for, and he should not do any more that night.

Taking the remains of my husband they drove off. I followed while I could keep up; and, when they got out of sight, stretched out my arms and screamed. I then ran back and stood rooted to the spot, where my Connor had embraced me, and bade me take care of myself. How often did I exclaim “Is it thus I have destroyed the man, who could have lost his life for me? Yes, Connor, I was headstrong; I would go, and leave you to the murderers.”

I smote my breast, and, flinging myself upon the ground, wished for death. Here I lay several hours, repeating my husband's name with anguish, with distraction.

At last my child cried loudly ; I had not before recollected him, for my whole mental powers were absorbed in my lost husband : now instinct roused me, and I ran up to the room where so late I had sat a happy wife ; but, when I reached it, and looked round, saw the cloth laid, the bed curtains drawn, and a thousand other marks of his kind preparation for my return, I felt such a horror, my heart swelled as if it would burst. I staggered towards the bed but fell at the foot of it, and striking my head against the post, lay stunned and happily insensible.

On my recovery I found, that my little boy had cried himself to sleep : but my calamities would not allow me to rest ; I could not bear the room, and in vain did I wander from one to another ; every spot reminded me of some proof of my Connor's affection, and every thought grew misery, by reverting to the dreadful scene of the last night.

Scarcely

Scarcely knowing what I did, I took up my infant, and left the house. My senses were deranged—I marked no lapse of time, nor can I tell what became of me, until I found myself in a small damp room, upon some straw, my boy laying by me, dirty, tattered, and sickly; my strength exhausted, and every hope gone.

I soon recollected my heavy calamities, and wept unceasingly at the cruel retrospect. These were the first I believe I had been able to shed since the fatal stroke; good effects resulted from them. I cried abundantly over my wretched babe, for now his appearance shewed him to be so; poor infant, he had, no doubt, often cried to me, for want of my usual cares, and I had not even heard him. I now folded the dear boy to my breast, as the only relic of his father, and, for his sake, resolved to exert myself, nor give way to a sorrow that might end in leaving him an orphan.

CHAP. IX.

UPON looking round, I saw two more wretched beds of straw, and on each was a woman. I spoke feebly, and begged that some one would tell me where I was, and how brought there.

One of the women exclaimed, "She speaks, and in French:—Yes, I will satisfy you, young woman; but keep quiet, for indeed I am fearful of mad people."

"Holy

"Holy Joseph!" said I, "have I been mad? — But, indeed, I have had distress enough to drive me to it: What then did I with the dear infant?"

"You did not hurt him," she replied, "only, had it not been for me he would have expired for want. But who are you? and how came you to be wandering about the streets of Paris, where I met you."

I paused before I would answer these questions, for caution was become habitual to me, from the way I had lived in for months back.

She read my thoughts, and said, in a tone, as if affronted, "Well, young woman, keep silence, then, if you please; my thoughts will be at liberty, and, perhaps, not to your advantage; for when people are not ashamed of themselves, they might venture to put confidence in those who are imprisoned on their account."

At

At this recital, my first idea was, that I was born to be a curse to all who should attach themselves to me. The good woman, who had approached, ran back with terror; for I raved incoherently, pleaded innocence, and invoked the bitterest curses on the murderer of my husband.

Reason returned,—and I revealed myself, with all that had happened to me since I had been in France; and her tears flowed as fast as mine.

“Alas! Madam,” said she, when I ceased speaking, “little did I think when I relieved you, that you were of family and distinction; for I saw you strolling up and down the street, where I kept a little shop, the whole day, with this infant in your arms; only when his weight overcame you, then you would sit down by my door, and talk very fast, but I knew not even in what language; however, night coming on, and the child’s cries pierc-
ing

ing my heart, I went up to you, and tried to make you sensible of your situation. I thought you looked very wild, and was almost afraid; but as you did not offer to hurt any one, I ventured to put the sweet boy to your breast, where he satisfied his hunger and dropped asleep; you seemed unconscious of his being in your lap, and, to prevent his falling, I took him in my arms and laid him in my own bed: you followed; and I was pondering upon what step I had best take, in order to discover where your friends were, for your appearance bespoke you to belong to decent people, when I observed that a girl (whom I had taken out of charity, and who assisted me in the house) to go out, and though I called after her she did not answer."

"I was more perplexed than ever, being afraid to be left alone with you; so I ran into the shop, and locked the door of my little chamber, with you in it, and, (Lord forgive me), intended, as soon as Agatha returned, to put you into the street."

"Well,

“Well, in half an hour came some people, who said, they were ordered by the Municipality to arrest me, for harbouring English spies. I denied it all; for, in my second fright, I had forgot my first. They asked Agatha, who returned with them, to shew them the foreign woman who counterfeited madness.”

“Oh!” said I, “if you mean the poor young woman who is just taken out of the street, she is in the next room, and all the neighbours can testify that she was wandering about all day, talking gibberish, and the baby in her arms crying; so I took the child for a minute, and she followed me:—that is all.

“Well, they looked at you, and you stared wild enough upon them, and began chattering again. They said it was English you spoke; and, Lord, I don’t believe one word they said; it was nothing but mad talk. But it was the child I pitied, and could not help it, though he had been an heretic’s child, so pite-

ous

ous did he look. I offered to let you go; but that would not do: so I was brought here along with you, and I dare say we shall be guillotined together. Though you did bring me into trouble, I helped you all I could, and fed your child; for your milk dried up long ago. Holy Mary grant, that he may die before we do, for I cannot help loving him."

"My poor woman," said I, "and must you then die, for merely performing an act of humanity."

"Oh! I shall not get off, I promise you; for I know that I was marked before, only they waited a pretence to take me, and would never let me quit Paris, though my husband is a soldier of the first requisition: but my father and I both did say, that we wished the King were alive, (Lord forgive us), for that then we were better used; so my father was guillotined for *leze nation*. I wonder they did not take my life at that time: but perhaps I might have been safe, only I would not let Agatha marry her sweetheart, because
he

he lived with Citizen Roland, who signed the King's death warrant. He said he would marry her to spite me, and keep my shop too; and I may thank him and Agatha, I dare say, for they have great power now, as he lives with Citizen Barerre. We would not have one King last year, and now we have a thousand."

"Hush, my dear woman," said I, "you do not know what may be the consequence of your speaking so freely."

"I don't mind, said she, "I know that my shop and maid have doomed me; I only wish that honest people had spoken their minds, in time; it was the excess of caution in them which has ruined usall."

I then inquired how we were looked after.

"Very badly," said she, "the victuals are good enough, but there is so little; Oh, it is near the time they serve us."

“Who is that other person I see?” said I; wishing to draw my attention from myself by talking to her.

“Why she was one Madame la Comtesse de Fourni, now female Citizen de Fourni: her son-in-law emigrated to save his life, and she concealed his wife, who was her own daughter, with two children; and even got them out of France safe, furnished with all her jewels, money, and every thing she could raise, poor soul, thinking to follow herself; but her footman betrayed her, and she is here, but quite resigned, like me. I only wish I could set fire to the hall of the Convention before I die, with all the members in it. But here comes our soup, you will like it now perhaps.”

I could not have eaten, I suppose, had things been as good, as Sanctone said; but that was far from being the case. The coarse bread, made, I believe of beans, and the dirty broth, could not be tempting to one, who had been used to better.

She took up Gerald, and he eagerly eat my portion of soup: poor fellow, my heart ached to see the black morsels put into his mouth. I begged of the turnkey to let me have some milk for him, promising a reward, totally forgetting my inability; but he was hardened in his cruel office, and would not even deign an answer.

I often wondered what could be the reason of my present confinement; or, if there existed any: for, though Connor had been traced, I had no reason to believe my person had been identified; as no doubt, in case it had, the same fatal instrument that made me a widow, would have my child an orphan. D—O— had now no power; I had no jewels. In short, I was only taken up as a pretence to accuse Sanctone; for which reason I determined to be very guarded in my words, not to disclose myself, unless I should be brought to trial; and then I imagined that some of my judges would, in all probability, recognise me: besides, they might fear to condemn

damn an Irish woman publicly; for every thing that had been inflicted upon me had been done in secret, only under the cloak of authority, and by people who would not dare to avow their actions in the face of day, though it were dangerous to accuse them.

Who would suppose that delicate women could live in the manner that not only myself, but thousands, much more tenderly reared, were now treated? Many, I suppose, fell victims to the damp and noisome air, the straw pallet, and unwholesome viands. My constitution, which had overcome the worst shocks of fortune; my heart, that had endured so much before, bore me through here, and, by degrees, I even eat my morsel with an appetite.

The hardest part of my punishment was what the turnkeys and soldiers inflicted by their brutal discourse, which was more di-

rected to me than my companions, as I was the youngest, handsomest, and seemed to feel it most : not that I ever spoke, but my pale cheek would shew the flush of indignant modesty too plain, not to afford a triumph to wretches who only delighted in the sufferings of others.

I was not without apprehensions of worse treatment, particularly when we were visited by officers of the Municipality, in their scarfs; sometimes they were as brutish as their subaltern devils; (so Madame Fourni emphatically called them) but others affected a softness of behaviour, that did not, from me, conceal the ferocity of their hearts. I was always questioned, and my answers were, that I came over with Lady Anne Daly; my name only I concealed, under that of Betty Gray, which was the name of a house-maid she had parted with some time before I left her.

I was in hopes they would inquire of Madame Freron concerning Betty Gray, and, finding me an obscure person, set me at liberty; but, I suppose that was too much trouble, for still I remained, though my two companions were both taken to trial first, and the morning after to execution.

I had a great respect for Madame Fourni; she was so good, so truly resigned, and so thankful to heaven that she had saved all her children.

“It is,” she would say, “natural that I should go first; it is a shock youth will enable them to bear; but, had I saved myself, and lost them, I might perhaps have been wicked enough to repine at the length of days allotted me by heaven: it is not a pleasant idea to have so very public and so forcible an end; but the pangs of death will soon be over,—the bitterness of death is past.

"Aye," said Sanctone, "I believe so; I am resigned too; but I should die happier, if I could burn the Convention."

The good Madame de Fourni attempted to persuade her to a better preparation for her dissolution, than such revengeful thoughts seemed to denote.

"Blessed Maria!" said she, "what would you have? I only wish it in self defence; no—and would not you both be glad to hear the news?"

"Why," said Madame Fourni, "perhaps I might. If it would be likely to restore France her quiet, I am sure I should; but indeed not from any pleasure I should take in their sufferings:—poor creatures, they are so wicked that I cannot but pity them. But will you both join with me, in such devotions as our situation will admit of? It is hard, not to be allowed even a confessor, to direct and
comfort

comfort our last hour ; but we shall not be punished for that."

The good lady knelt ; we followed her example, and a more devout congregation I believe never was assembled : — she concluded with an affecting exhortation, delivered in a solemn and impressive manner, which, I hope I shall never forget."

We interchanged embraces and adieus ; when we heard the fatal cart rumbling over the pavement, Madame Fourni did not weep, but Sanctone and I bathed each other in our tears. I thought that it was very probable I should be one of those to be executed, though I had not been tried : but I was left for greater torment—to pass the lonely hour in my loathsome dungeon, expecting, and therefore enduring misery :—my friends were torn from me, and, what added agony to despair, the ostensible pretence for the death of one good-hearted kind woman, was her at-

tachment, her acts of mercy to me. Little shall be said of my feelings;—I only mention my causes of affliction.

My cell was not long solitary; fresh victims poured in: sometimes we were obliged to lie two on the wisp of straw, called a bed; and when they were so numerous, there was a great discordance of sentiments—some were favourers of the first revolution, which others looked upon with horror; others were tenth of August men, and Septemberizers; which made a party obnoxious to both, and still more violent.

I was always glad when there were only women, for the sake of female delicacy: indeed, in general it was so; but, I think, in politics they were more violent than the men, appearing often as if they would come to blows, and save the executioner a labour.

A very handsome young lady was one day escorted to our dungeon; a most insinuating

ating manner was added to her other charms; she was an actress, and had a sincere attachment for a young nobleman; but was herself beloved by one of the Mountain: she preserved her constancy so firm, as to exasperate her Jacobin lover, who, in a fit of rage, denounced her, as one guilty of assisting emigrants.

She had not been long our fellow prisoner, before he came to learn whether her fears would not induce her to comply with his addresses; but her spirit supported her nobly, till he threatened vengeance upon her favorite: then she condescended to terms — that her former lover should have an unlimited passport for himself and all his personal property. Till that was done, she professed her determination never to leave the prison; for other conditions she referred him to futurity.

As soon as he was gone she turned to me, and said, “I do not fear release; this Jacobin

will soon feel my vengeance, and repent ever sending me here, as a school for love ; whilst I shall rejoice in my lover's safety, who had no other chance of ever leaving Paris."

When I found what her character was, I put on an air of civil reserve ; as, though a prison, like death, may level all human distinctions, nothing can level the modest woman with an harlot.

Mademoiselle took my behaviour for humility, as I told her that I had been a servant of Lady Anne Daly's ; but, as she wanted amusement, played with Gerald, who was a sweet-tempered infant, and very diverting until she exclaimed,

"What can you have done, that this charming child must be confined in such a horrid place ?"

A gleam of hope shot through my mind, that the dear fellow might make an interest

rest sufficient to liberate us both:—my reply was,

“I believe, Madam, I am only accused of being English; I was unhappy enough to lose my husband suddenly,—as suddenly I lost my senses, and can give no account until I found myself here, where I have been confined four months.”

“Heavens!” said she, “live here four months! then nothing can kill you:—but will you live with me, if I can get you out, which I know I can, if you have done nothing? I have seen an English servant in a family where I visited, and she did as much work as three of our French; and, no doubt, you would be very grateful.”

“Indeed I should,” said I, “and all that my abilities will admit of shall testify it.”

“Let me take the child away with me,” said she.

This was a very hard request, and at first my heart refused to part with him; but re-

flection came to my aid, and I perceived, that if I was released I should rejoin him; if not, I had insured him a protectress: so, begging pardon for my hesitation, I gave my consent; and in two hours after she went away, my Gerald with her; and the separation no one can judge of, who knows not a mother's hope, a mother's fear, a mother's agony;—I had no other prospect in the world to cheer me, but my child, who had hitherto been my companion in all my trouble, and scarcely ever from my arms.

But I was only one tedious night without him. Next day an order came from the Municipality, to release me: a conductor accompanied me to female Citizen Erpigny (my deliverer); there, as soon as I entered the house, my boy was presented me.

What with joy for my deliverance, and pleasure at embracing him, mine was again a state of frenzy. M. Erpigny, for I hate to write female citizen, allowed me a little
time

time to recover myself, and then ordered me to go to the room allotted for the maid servants, and said she would send me a change of clothes, which indeed I much wanted: but the tone of authority struck me, and I perceived myself now to be a servant, and that too, not under the most respectable roof.

The thought never occurred to me before; but safety was preferable to danger—liberty to confinement—and the heart which dare be honest in the dwelling of vice, boasts a greater triumph, than unattempted innocence ever could pretend to.



CHAP. X.

I WAS so awkward in the duties of my place, as chambermaid, that my mistress, who was very spirited, gave me what, in English, we should call a complete scolding. Never accustomed to that kind of conversation, and, beside, feeling much gratitude, no improper answer escaped my lips. But, one day, it dropped accidentally from me, that I had been brought up to far different expectations, and was convinced of my incapacity

capacity for the place I occupied, and that, if she could get me a passage to England, I might one day be able to testify my sense of the obligations she had conferred upon me.

“Well then,” said she, “pray, Madam, will you allow me the satisfaction of knowing what your *real* situation is, and whether I may not have got into danger by interesting myself about you?”

“You shall judge,” I replied, “if you will give me leave to sit down; I will disguise nothing from you.”

I then related my long, sad story; and concluded, by offering her a bond for two thousand pounds, to be paid as soon as I reached Ireland, if she would assist me in making my escape from France. As soon as she knew my rank in life to be so much above her own, she blushed at the liberties she had taken with me, and would have excused herself; but I entreated her to be silent, and expressed my wonder, that her patience had
not

not been exhausted by such continued blunders; and, smiling, added, that, in her place, I should have turned such a domestic out of doors.

It was my earnest request, still to pass for her servant; and still to receive reproofs before witnesses; for it was only in an obscure situation my safety could be ensured, as the rulers of France might not chuse me to report the treatment I had met with.

M. Erpigny coincided with me; and only in private treated me with the deference she thought my due. However, she made me swear, upon the gospel, to remit the two thousand pounds; "For," said she, "a bill would be useless, at present, and I would rather trust to your oath, merely because I know that you will not then be so likely to forget it."

I could have no scruple against giving her the required security; after which she laboured diligently,

diligently to get me away, but found a vast deal of difficulty.

Meanwhile my little Gerald fell ill of the small-pox. I had never had it; but nothing could prevent my attending him. Thank heaven that he was saved; and, that I did not sicken until he was upon the recovery. M. Erpigny took every care of us that discretion would admit of; and regretted that she could not remove me to the best apartments, without incurring suspicion of having more interest in my accommodation, than was probable for a servant.

I assured her, that being so long accustomed to damp and straw, in a dungeon, I felt as much comfort now, on my flock-bed, without curtains, or probably more, than any lady on a down one, who had never known the reverses I had experienced.

“Ah!” said she mournfully, “I believe so!” adding, “our Queen is now in the prison
son

son you left, and still worse accommodated that you were."

We discoursed upon that great Princess's misfortunes until my own appeared trivial by comparison,—all, except the horrible manner in which I had lost my husband; but I had my child left, and many fair prospects opening before me; so I thanked Providence fervently, praying for patience to bear what might in future befall me.



[CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

MY disorder being of a favorable sort, I recovered, in the usual space of time, from its malignity ; but, how altered ! — My face quite full of indented marks ; in short, my poor beauty was quite gone. M. Erpigny condoled with me upon it ; but the loss appeared providential, as it formed a better disguise than any I could have assumed, and, of course, lessened my danger. Had my husband lived, it might have grieved me on his account ; but, as that blessing was lost to me,

I had no reason to repine at that which did not lessen my abilities as a mother or a friend. She, who existed by her beauty, shrugged up her shoulders, and wondered at my English philosophy.

I lingered, in a very anxious manner, near three months, filling, but not feeling the office of housemaid; for, on pretence of my recent illness, my Mistress obliged the other servants to do my work, and distributed my wages among them as a compensation.

At length she heard of an opportunity of moving me, at least from Paris, which appeared to be at that time, the worst step of the journey. An actor, a friend of M. Erpigny, came to the metropolis, with an intention of endeavouring to prevail upon an actress who had belonged to his troop, but had left him upon some dispute relating to money, to rejoin it again; he found it would be for his interest and came to offer her a larger salary than had
formerly

formerly been refused ; but she was not to be found.

Erpigny proposed his getting a passport for her, and to take me to personate her. I, who saw no other chance of leaving Paris, assented readily ; as Bourdeaux (the place he was going to) was then full of English residents, with some of whom I thought to find an asylum. We agreed to trust Citizen Tonneau with my secret, not forgetting the promise of a reward ; which silenced a number of scruples he at first raised. Erpigny added to her other favors, that of equipping me decently for my new character ; and hired a girl to assist me, in taking care of Gerald.

I was much afraid we should have been stopped at the barriers ; but, after shewing our passports, they only insisted upon my throwing up my veil ; which I did immediately, without betraying any emotion. Luckily they found me look so ugly, with the recent

recent traces of the small-pox, as not to bestow a second glance upon me; and then we surmounted one grand difficulty; nor did I meet any other on the road, but arrived safe at Bourdeaux.

There I could not pass for the Actress Chignon, as she was so well known; but my conductor advised me to retain the name, for fear of accidents; and he gave me out to be her first cousin, who had been governess to some English boarders in a Convent at Malines: this was to account for some anglicisms in my accent and manner; and likewise might form a pretence for obtaining the countenance of the English families there, who lived in astonishing security in the midst of a country torn to pieces with faction, and at war with those who ought to have been dearest to them. But, I am sorry to say, that many of them, who nevertheless affect to pride themselves in the appellation of Britons, seemed to have no affection for their
5 country,

country, and appeared to wish entirely for the successes of France, though at the expence of their native kingdom.

I remained with Tonneau ; whose family consisted of a wife, one child, one maid, and a man ; who, beside being his servant, acted as prompter to the theatre. Tonneau announced, that I was to appear on the stage, as soon as I could get a part suitable to me ; and I really thought it my best plan, to preclude inquiries, such as are made about those who have no visible mode of living ; and determined, if my stay was prolonged, to appear upon the stage ; to which end, I studied some part of their new republican dramas ; in which, whatever was wanting in poetry, was made up in bombast.

But my first care was to write to my mother and Father O'Callaghan, giving an outline of my adventures, and begging they would try if any thing could be done to forward

ward my return to my native country. My letters were sent by an American vessel, which was to touch at Cork, and I endeavoured to calm my anxiety, by every exertion my mind was capable of.

I attended some rehearsals ; but my speaking was so very different from their manner on the stage, and, upon the whole, so foreign, that they all agreed I should not shine upon the stage ; but had dialect and accent enough to go to England, and be governess to English ladies. However, a gentleman of my own country, who had called upon Citizen Tonneau while we were rehearsing, seemed to compassionate me for my unsuccessful attempts, and asked me, if I had no other method of obtaining a livelihood. I regretted that all my dependence was on exerting my talents, and that being unsuccessful, my hopes were completely baffled.

“You are not French,” said he, looking earnestly at me.

“I

"I will not deceive you, Sir," said I; "if you will walk on the square with me, I will put it in your power to judge what I had best do."

He walked out with me, and I revealed my situation.

"Good heavens!" said he, "Madam, why did you not go in the American to Cork?"

"Because, Sir," I replied, "the Captain refused to take me, without being paid ten thousand livres before I embarked, which it was impossible for me to command."

This was a truth, though not recited before; he urged, beside, that the hold of his ship was full of Duchesses and Marchionesses, but not one, that had not paid before hand.

"Madam," said Mr. Forster, "I knew your father, and your husband's father, exceedingly well; but, had I not, your situation

would have been sufficient to insure my assistance. Come to my wife, she will be happy to see her countrywoman, and will endeavour to smuggle you out of this part of the world. Rest assured Bordeaux is a safe place ; one of our *representans* is the best man in the world ; the French respect us, and leave us pretty much alone, only now and then putting part of our cash in requisition."

I was introduced to Mrs. Forster, and received with all the hospitality of an Irish woman.

I was only a week in Bordeaux after my acquaintance with this worthy family, before Mr. Forster put me on board a Sweedish merchantman, in the disguise of a sailor's wife; I was to be placed in the first English vessel we should meet. Mr. Forster supplied me with what money he thought I should have occasion for ; with that, and some changes of linen, I took leave of him, laid my Gerald on
the

the bed allotted me, and threw myself down by him.

The vessel got under weigh, and sea-sickness overcame my grief for the past, fear for the present, and thought for what was to come. I was, for once, to be fortunate, for we soon hailed an English vessel, bound for Bristol, and I was put on board so sick that I did not care what was done with me ; longing only for shore, where, at last, we did arrive, to the great relief of my son and myself. I bowed in gratitude to Providence, for preserving us both.

It was no great effort, on our landing, to find a good Inn and proper accommodations : proper accommodations were indeed a luxury after the toils and labours of a period I had scarcely yet emerged from. You cannot conceive how gratifying a change of linen was, which, though not fine, yet the freshness of it was ecstacy. It is only from the want

of conveniencies that we can estimate enjoyments; the mere degree of rising from better to better is almost imperceptible pleasure; but, from wretchedness to indulgence, is a large leap; and the jumping from the one side to the other is an exquisite triumph.

Do not suppose that all this gratification arose from self-indulgence alone; the sight of my Gerald in decent comfort, was indeed a sweeter balm to my heart: he could not look but he reminded me of his father, and that remembrance drew the sigh of grateful affection.

It was scarcely six in the evening, of a fine August day, yet rest was necessary; fatigue and the sight of a bed were irresistible; we retired for the night, and the next morning the chambermaid procured me a woman servant. The choice of a few clothes, for immediate use, took up a great part of the morning; and, though my restless mind would
have

have urged me to pursue my journey instantly, yet common prudence, the best friend to advise with on all occasions, impelled me to delay another night, and recruit both mind and body.

The next day brought fresh advice from prudence, that determined me to remain here still longer, for I thought it by no means unlikely that my mother might be at her brother's seat in Somersetshire; and, at least, it was best to try if a letter would reach her there: but, at all events, it was to be forwarded to wherever she might be. I pleased myself in expecting a kind answer, and even something of joy at mine and my child's surprising escapes. In about four days from my landing, the post brought me the following answer.

AUGUSTA,

“ Your imbecility of mind pervades every
“ action of your life. Your sudden peremp-
“ tory letter, to acquaint us of your being
“ not only alive, but likely to see us soon,
“ have thrown Mrs. Mostyn, (who is all
“ sensibility) into hysterics; and, perhaps,
“ may injure her more materially, as, poor
“ thing, she was before in a fair way of giving
“ a son to us, and that son would be Lord
“ Mostyn. But you were always an obsta-
“ cle to her, and envious of her superior qua-
“ lifications; and yet, I declare, she cried
“ for an hour at the intelligence we receiv-
“ ed of your death, and went into the deepest
“ mourning; so that methinks humanity
“ should

“ should have dictated to you, to have been
“ more gradual in your notice to us.”

“ I do not know what provision your poor
“ infatuated father has procured for you, out
“ of Mr. Connor’s estate ; you can have no
“ claims upon your sister’s ; for, though the
“ dear creature was content to take it as your
“ heiress, wishing not to expose you to the
“ world when we thought you dead ; yet, to
“ prevent your pretensions, she will now
“ keep it, as the next Protestant heir ; for,
“ by the laws of Ireland, a papist cannot
“ keep an estate, if the next entail claim it
“ as a Protestant ; and a very good law it is.
“ Your husband’s relations must maintain
“ you, or else Mrs. Mostyn meant to have
“ given you an handsome annuity. *From me*
“ you can have no expectations, as you have
“ been, in every respect, a disobedient un-
“ ruly child, and married quite contrary to
“ my positive commands.”

“You had better go to Ireland with your child.”

“Your unfortunate,

“but affectionate mother,

“AUGUSTA O’FLAHERTY.”

I remembered the time when such a letter would have stupified me ; but I was a veteran in misfortune, and only resolved now to see myself righted for the sake of my child : beside I felt my spirit rise, at the manner in which I was treated upon my own account. I could not help smiling at their fore-knowledge, that Sophia was to have a son.

I had heard, in my childhood, of this law concerning estates going to Protestants ; and remembered a villain, of very bad character, who

who recanted, and, by adding hypocrisy and heresy to his other crimes, dispossessed the rightful heir of *Maugherabawne*, to the destruction of a worthy family, and very little good to himself; for the servants all hated the usurper, and every year his house, barns, or something of consequence, was set on fire. But I hoped that, at least, they would be obliged to prove me a catholic, which, owing to my father's precaution, I did not think they could; besides, my child was next heir, and though I certainly would not, for interest sake, let him be an heretic; yet, it was not necessary to say as much.

I would have gone to Ireland, as my affectionate, but unfortunate mother, seemed to wish; but, having expended all my money, was forced to remain at an Inn until I should hear from Father O'Callaghan, to whom I wrote, desiring him to come to me, and procure me some cash; stating all my present difficulties, and authorizing him to give notice

to Mr. Connor's family of my arrival, and my son's existence.

I declare I expected they would find some pretence for keeping that estate, and so dispossess the wealthy heiress, and rich widow, of every thing, for at least as long a term as the law would take to decide it; and I reflected that I had no way to prove Gerald to be the child of Connor, if they doubted my word. I knew that my husband had written to his mother, when the child was born; and so had I to my father, after my recovery; but how to prove this was the child I could not tell.

I was not then in the most agreeable condition; for, added to the above distressing reflections, I found the people of the Inn grew rather suspicious of my real character: as I evidently had no money, they got fearful that I was some adventurer, and even went so far as to send up the bill, and hint, that I had better

better pay it, and seek a lodging in a private house.

It was very hard, that out of so large a property, I should not be able to command one shilling; and that by no means through any misconduct on my part; and I felt deeply hurt at being looked upon and treated like a sharper.

But it seemed necessary for me to try what firmness would do; and I wrote again.

TO THE HON. MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

MADAM,

“ I did not mean to trouble you so soon,
“ after the cool reception of my last, which
“ I had flattered myself would have given
“ pleasure to those, who are dissatisfied at

G 6

“ my

“ my safe return ; but I was afraid that silence
“ would be termed acquiescence in the in-
“ justice about to be done me and *my* child,
“ *your* grandchild, which would argue in me
“ an imbecility indeed pitiable ; and, as So-
“ phia’s hopes might again be sanguine con-
“ cerning the possession of my estate, and
“ so her shock give her hysterics, almost as
“ bad as those when *I* was found restored,
“ though thought lost ; on these accounts I
“ shall consult the most eminent counsel, and
“ have no doubt of being reinstated in my
“ rights ; as I never have, and, probably
“ never shall, publicly profess myself either
“ a Protestant or a Catholic : there is too
“ much persecution attending both ; and, I
“ humbly conceive, that before judgment is
“ passed there must be a trial. Having my-
“ self so large a property, I wish to be esta-
“ blished in it before I apply for what was
“ my husband’s :—But, what can I expect
“ there, if my own family treat me unjustly,
“ if they desert me ?—I can only hope for
“ the best.”

“ I

“I am at present friendless—moneyless—
“in danger of a prison, and in a land of
“strangers, where there seems to be more
“Priests and Levites, than Samaritans. If
“you would lend me some money, I will
“repay it, with thanks, as soon as I can;
“otherwise, I fear, *the family of the Mostyns*
“will be disgraced by my imprisonment, as
“the people of the Inn seem to doubt my
“veracity.”

“I beg leave to remain, my mother’s

“Affectionate and dutiful,

“AUGUSTA CONNOR.”

I was almost afraid to send this letter, after writing it; but, being galled by some impertinence from a maid I had taken, when I first landed, about my apparent poverty; and reflecting

reflecting what had brought me to this distress; I acquired spirit sufficient to do it: and in a very anxious state of mind I waited the result.

I was, a few days after, standing at my bedroom window, which fronted the street, with Gerald in my arms, and thinking over past scenes; when I saw a handsome mourning equipage, with my mother's escutcheon on it, drive up; she alighted; and never did I feel so truly frightened out of every power of exertion, as at that moment; she looked so very angry, was arrived so unexpectedly, and had always accustomed me to stand in such awe of her. I sunk into a chair, and trembled so violently that Gerald slipped from my lap, and sat playing at my feet when my mother entered.

"This is not the room," said she to the chamber-maid, "I want Mrs. Connor."

I had now, with difficulty, risen from my seat, and knelt before her.

“What do you mean, young woman?” said she, really not recognising my face, where the small-pox had left many marks, though no seams; nor were any of my features altered; but still I looked very different from what she had done.

When I spoke she seemed startled, I believe at the recollection of my voice.

“Indeed,” said I, “mother, I am your Augusta; though time, sorrow, and sickness, may have changed my form, yet surely nature will speak in your heart, and tell you that I am your own Augusta.”

“Nature says nothing in your behalf,” said my mother, “and, as you say, a fond mother, like me, would know her own child in any disguise; you are not that child, and had better be silent about your ridiculous claims,
left

left the punishment, now your due as an imposter, fall heavy upon you. If you keep yourself quiet, I shall not take any pains about you: as *I* have no connexion with the Connor's, probably they may be imposed upon by you; I cannot help that. Sophia will keep the Flerty estate, as the Protestant heir."

I held up my sweet little Gerald, the image of my father, to her; and exclaimed, "Does nature say nothing for this cherub, who is likewise yours?"

My mother, who I had observed looking earnestly at him before, seemed as if going to clasp him to her breast; and I believe she would then have acknowledged both, had not Sophia's stronger interest at the instant swayed her feelings.

"No, Madam," said she, and put him from her.

I have mentioned, that at my taking the last leave of my father, he had given me a ring; from this ring I had never parted; it was a remarkable one, and had been in the family for years: my mother knew it well, and, when I shewed it upon my finger, changed colour—hesitated—then said, that one might be like another, or that I might have stolen it! — What a reflection for a mother!

“Could I steal this, then?” said I, opening my bosom, where still appeared the mark of a pomegranate.

She arose. “I perceive, young woman, that you are very obstinate, and have got some very good intelligence of my family concerns. I warn you against prosecuting any claims upon my family, for if I am forced to disavow you publicly, you will lose every thing; and I don’t wish to have trouble about any Irish matters; I never take the least notice of the Connors.”

She

She was going. I caught her gown.

"Ask me any questions," I exclaimed, "of past transactions; try if I falsify a word, or pretend to forgetfulness in any circumstance that we have mutually known: take some pains to convince yourself that I am your daughter, and that you are—Oh! much loved—my mother."

"I am convinced," said she coolly, and left me in an indescribable agony.

The chamber-maid, to make my afflictions greater, repeated in the house all that she could understand of our conversation; and I was now ordered to quit the house next morning; and heard much of my landlord's generosity, in being content with my clothes, of which he took all but those on my back: he likewise demanded my ring, which he said should be valued, or sold by a friend of his, and, if there should remain any overplus, I might call and receive it.

But

But I was resolved not to part with my ring, though I did not say so then, fearing some savage treatment. My servant seeing how things were likely to turn out, complained bitterly, not on my account, but her own, that my clothes were gone. I had made the creature presents for the short time she was with me, to an amount of double what her wages could reach, to keep her in good humour; but I found that it was a purchase which wanted continual supplies to retain; and I wished to be able to get rid of one who increased my expences, and was not of the smallest use to me; but want of money tied my tongue.

I was not pressed to eat either dinner or supper, but I got bread and milk for Gerald, and put him on the bed in his clothes; I determined not to take mine off, lest some one among my creditors should seize upon them.

Just

Just on my fastening the door I heard my name pronounced in a tone, and with a voice, that once was very dear to me. It was Mr. Mostyn! — The landlord himself was conducting him to my apartment: it was nearly dusk, and he imagined that I was going to fasten myself in through fear of Mr. Mostyn; so he rudely hastened to the door, pushed it open, and said, “Come, come, you must see him.”

“See him!” repeated I, “certainly; there is nothing to prevent my receiving so near a relation, provided you allow me to step into the adjoining room.”

“Relation indeed!” quoth the impertinent landlord, with an incredulous sneer.

“Yes, Sir,” said Mr. Mostyn, stepping up and taking my hand to lead me away, “a very near relation. But, if not, how dare you insult any lady, particularly here under your roof, which she has honored by making her home?”

My

My host began to sneak and apologize ; but Mr. Mostyn ordered him away in a peremptory tone. Then turning to me, who felt some agitation, he said,

“ Will you, Madam, allow me to satisfy myself that you are my cousin, whom we so long thought lost ? Your voice strikes me, so does your form ;—I can hardly, by this light distinguish your features ; but, if you are Augusta O’Flaherty, you can easily convince me of it, by repeating occurrences that passed between us ; occurrences I can never forget.”

“ Brother,” said I.

He started so, that I was obliged to pause.

“ Brother,” repeated I, “ the occurrences you allude to passed between us in very early youth. From the night we danced together at K——, to the day of our parting ; they are of too delicate a nature for me to repeat ;
but

but I will write all that memory retains this night, and you shall receive my packet to-morrow, if you remain in Bristol: but, as the case is important, propose any particular occurrence that happened, and I will not, by a prudish behaviour, raise your doubts by a pretended ignorance."

"Oh!" said he softly, "you are Augusta; but you are Mrs. Connor."

"Yes, Sir," I replied, "the widow of a man who loved me sincerely, followed me with constancy, won my heart through gratitude, and whose memory I next to adore. But why not begin my trial?"

Mostyn then asked me many questions, which I answered of course properly. At last he told me, that he would put an end to trifling, for that he was convinced.

He then rung for candles, which were brought in by my now diligent and obsequious landlord. When he had again retired, Mostyn
gazed

gazed at me stedfastly ; but I could not check him, as I was to expect a scrutiny, and, however mortifying, was determined to stand the test.

“Yes,” said he, “you are Augusta,—Augusta Connor ;—I will not be enriched by robbing you. Pardon me the trouble I have in some measure been the occasion of ; and believe me, I had every reason to suppose you were no more, before I would consider myself proprietor of your estate. My father will now repent the stratagem he made use of : but he was himself deceived. Oh ! Augusta, your mother has made us miserable !”

“I will not stay,” said I, “if you descant upon that subject ; it is improper on every account : we are now brother and sister, be the means ever so crooked that made us so. I *pretend* nothing, for I confess at first I was wounded by your conduct ; but I lived to bless the day that gave me to Mr. Connor.”

Mostyn

Mostyn seemed in an agony—he paced the room—

“You lived to bless the day, Madam, to bless the day that my heart was torn—pierced—wounded—and has bled ever since—Oh! woman—woman—”

“Sir,” said I, “this is irrelevant to the business you came upon, and, if you please, I wish for repose; this day has been one of mental exertion, and I am really harassed; in the morning I shall be better able I hope to receive your commands.”

“I believe so,” said he calming himself, “but I hear that you are penniless, while I live upon your income; here, dear cousin, take my purse; it is part of your own, and would ill become me to keep, while the rightful owner is distressed for a shilling.”

I thanked him, and without scruple took the purse, in which I found what appeared to me great riches; we then wished good night, and parted.

My

My maid was now desirous of being very officious ; but I told her, that as she had not accustomed me to her attendance, I should henceforth dispense with it ; and desired her to leave me.



CHAP. XII.

MY thoughts seemed elevated; enlivened by the hope of seeing an end to my embarrassments, it appeared plain to me, that my mother *wished* not to know me, for Sophia's sake; but at her first entering my room, and before I spoke, her countenance had sufficiently betrayed her, even if her conversation had been more guarded.

Had I not been unequivocally recognised as her daughter, she would have been eager in questioning me, have examined every proof,

proof, nor have given me the hint that, was I to relinquish my demands on my own family, I might, unmolested, enjoy my late husband's property.

All this spoke very plain ; I could perceive myself intended as a sacrifice to my sister's aggrandizement ; and, that deceit had been employed to detach Mostyn from me ; for, had I married my mother's nephew, the estate had never been litigated on account of my religion.

I thought a great deal, slept a great deal, and even arose quite refreshed. My clothes were all returned, with many flowery compliments, which I was too much occupied to attend to, otherwise than by discharging my bill, which made a very large vacuity in my purse.

I then prepared to receive my brother-in-law, who did not detain me long in expectation.

H 2

After

After the first compliments passed, he told me, that until I spoke, it required an attentive eye to recognise me ; but, that my voice, manner, and expression of countenance, were not in the least altered.

He took notice of Gerald, but not a cordial one—he often called him young Connor, in a jealous kind of way, which I did not like ; but yet would not notice.

“Pray,” said I, “what has wrought such a change in your behaviour to me, for I suppose you must have been at least privy, for it could not be otherwise, to the answers I received from my mother?”

“No, upon my honor,” said he, “I was not so unjust as to wish, nor so absurd as to set up such a claim.”

“Did you not know, then, that I had written from France, and again from Bristol?”

“Not

“Not at the time the letters were received,” answered he; “when your packet from France arrived, I was not at home; but, on my return found your mother and Sophia, what they called very nervous, and saw that there was some profound secret between them, there were so many closetings, and some hints of going to London to consult counsel.

I held my peace, not wishing to be in the plot, whatever it might be, and indeed not feeling that tender interest in the concern that I might have done with a wife of my choice. I fancy the idea that possessed them both at the time, was, that most likely you would not be able to return to England, and that your attempting it might yet occasion your death; so that it would be best to keep the secret. But father O’Callaghan wrote to me, enclosing your letter to him, which stated your suffering; and thus tore open the wound which will never be healed, by the account of your misfortunes, related with so much sense, so

much resignation, that I felt again for the blessing I had lost. But I have done on a subject that makes you frown. Father O' Callaghan mentioned, that, as you were alive, he concluded he had done right in acquainting the tenants with the good news, adding some compliments to my integrity and honor, by way, I suppose, of consoling and comforting me under the loss of a good estate.

"I directly went with the letter to your mother and my wife, congratulating them upon your being alive, and was a little surprized, that their exclamations were not joyful. First father O'Callaghan was pretty well abused, and many intimations of his evil designs upon the Protestant religion and succession were thrown out. Next your being alive was deplored, as your idiotism was to leave you a prey to father O'Callaghan and others giving us some trouble. I said, that I thought our trouble would be lessened, by giving up your estate; but there I was called to order."

"Give

“Give up the estate? — No, no, Mr. Mostyn, not to a Papist; the law will give it to us, luckily for the poor thing, who will be likely to go through the world a great deal better with a moderate allowance, which out of decency the Connor’s must allow her.”

“I smiled at the wisdom of the plan, and the notable manner in which you were to be provided for; but, not to be a check upon any of their actions, would not tell, what, it seems, your mother’s knowledge of the law had left her uninformed of; that the act which they think to benefit by has been repealed within these few years.”

I interrupted Mostyn here.

“Is it so indeed? How was it possible for my mother not to be better informed?”

“Oh! very possible,” said he, “you know that she boasts very much of her acquaintance

H 4

with

with the Irish character, in every particular; but how has she acquired it? For, in Ireland, she disdained to mix in their societies; and even of the face of the country never saw more, than what an airing of about three miles extent would present to her; she often describes even that as the picture of a whole country, which exhibits such a variety of scenery: she is in a rage when any one affirms that there are Counties in which the Catholics are the fewest in number; for as she has made her immediate dependents to represent the whole people, she declares that whole to be Papists and Jacobites: As to our matter, she certainly remembers the affair of *Maugherabawne*, and having neither conversed nor read on the subject, did not know of the fortunate change."

"But now to my narrative. In the situation you were in when you wrote, I did not suppose it likely that any letters from England would reach you; therefore I did not

not write, but anxiously expected your arrival, and was surprised at the length of time that elapsed without hearing about you; for your arrival at Bristol was kept closely from me; but, yesterday recollecting that I had some business here with a merchant, I was surprised to meet your mother's chariot going at an uncommon rate; she was in it, and stopped the driver, upon seeing me, to request that I would enter it for a few minutes, as she wished to inform me of something very strange."

"Upon my obeying her commands, she told me, that poor Augusta was not the person who took upon her the name and claims, but a wicked impostor, whom she had just detected."

"Pity my feelings, Mostyn," she continued; "only conceive me, flying, with all the tenderness of a parent, to embrace my long lost child; and to find it not her, but

some creature that has been long enough about her, to be able to give a plausible account of all her transactions."

"I have left her hastily," added she, "that I may spare Sophia as much of the shock as I can, by breaking it tenderly to her."

"I found that your mother had been consulting lawyers; and, I suppose, finding *her law* repealed, was coming here to offer you some terms of compromise; but, finding you so altered in your looks, was seized with the *bright* thought of denying you."

"I came, in consequence, to assure you, that I will only act as your agent, until you can fix upon another; and I will likewise account for those sums I have expended, which, indeed, is all I can collect together on the emergency of the moment; for my wife is fond of ostentation, and we have been urging my
father

father for more supplies these last six months. I shall not be sorry in having an excuse for leading a quiet life ; it is what suits my disposition, and we must retrench wonderfully, in order to pay you back the whole money we have really squandered : your plate is sold,—your house let, and your family jewels sent to London, to be new set, against your mother's appearance at court next winter."

I laughed at the list of grievances Mr. Mostyn concluded with.

" The only disposition I shall alter," said I, " will be the house ; that I must have to reside in : the plate you are heartily welcome to—the jewels I should be ashamed to deprive my mother of—the sums of money I present to my sister, and should likewise be truly happy in being allowed add a little to her pin-money, as long as your father lives. But tell me, cousin, I mean brother,

how came you all to be so positive that I was dead?"

"Why the intelligence came from Lord G——, who ordered his secretary to write to my father, that, on account of Mr. Connor's having rashly joined the royal party, on the tenth of August, he was left for dead on the staircase of the Thuilleries; that nothing could be done for him, as he had provoked his fate; that you were in a bad state of health, grieving at his untimely end; but that, on the day previous to his Excellency leaving Paris, you called at his Hotel, begging permission to go in his suite, with your husband and family, as a means of ensuring his safety; and mentioned, that he was still in a very weak state."

"Leave was granted; and passports obtained; but the next day a servant of your's brought word to the Ambassador's Hotel, that

that Mr. Connor was dead, and you were engaged in the melancholy office of seeing the last duties paid to him; that you could not avail yourself of the promised honor; that you were quite secure, and had assurances of particular protection from some of the leading people in France; so you were left to your fate."

"A gentleman who was liberated the second of September, from the *Maison de la force*, declared that he saw you between two executioners, with your infant at your breast; he did not stay to see you murdered, but thought you would not have been brought there with any other intention; and that, had you been released, you must have been heard of. But you have accounted for all that; and now, have you any more questions to ask, my generous cousin?"

"One more," said I, "was you determined to acknowledge me, whether you were convinced

convinced or not, of my being Mrs. Connor? for I think you were rather precipitate than cautious."

"Cautious enough in all conscience," replied he; "I certainly did your mother the honor of suspecting her capable of denying you, to keep up Sophia's interest; and her own manner of telling the story increased my suspicions; but I was resolved to see and hear you; and, if you reflect, the light in which I saw you yesterday was favorable, in hiding the effects of those spots in your face, while it was yet sufficient to shew your form and features—then your voice—manner—and the circumstances you answered me upon—would have convinced an infidel."

"So now," continued he, "what are your designs? Will you go immediately to take possession

possession of your estate; or will you pay your sister a visit, and try to reconcile her to live upon a thousand a year, by describing the very little you have lived upon since last August."

"Prudence, and my duty to my son," said I, "forbids my accepting an invitation that would be too great a temptation, if coming from the proper person. Alas! my mother and sister have never forgiven my eldership; to me it has been a source of misfortune; but, as I have written to father O'Callaghan to come to me, I will wait for him, and depart under his protection."

"Oh! Augusta," said Mostyn, "there was a time when I little thought you would be driven to the protection of an old priest, while I —"

"Hush,

"Hush, my brother," said I, "we were once such simpletons, I confess; but you thought better of it, so did I."

"Let me only tell you how I was drawn in—" said he.

"No, indeed, Sir, it is needless, and a subject I never wish to be informed of; excuse my leaving you for the present; I have very particular business."

He arose, bowed respectfully, and departed.

I determined not to see him often, as I saw, with sorrow, that he was relapsing fast into his passion for me. I lamented inwardly that my mother's *clever management*, as she styled it, had been so inefficacious towards promoting the happiness of the parties she was so much interested for; while my father, using

using no arts but parental love, and pure upright admonition, had secured me a most blissful lot, if some very unexpected misfortunes had not torn it from me, at the moment I began to feel it.



CHAP. XIII.

THE next day brought Father O'-Callaghan. He was ushered into the room by my landlord, who now waited upon me with great attention. I observed, that he was a little confused at the manner in which I accosted him, mistaking me for some other person: but I soon found means to assure him of my identity; and he, in return, told me, that my late husband's mother longed to embrace me, and console me for the unkindness of my own; and would have come

to

to England, to anticipate that pleasure, had her infirmities allowed.

I was very glad that my fears from that quarter proved vain, and arranged every thing for my departure the next day ; leaving a letter for Mostyn, bidding him adieu, and thanking him for the just part he had acted towards me, assuring him of my assistance in settling his affairs, at any time it would be needful, as my duty to my sister required. I thought it proper to put that in, for such reasons as the generous and the delicate will feel.

Many emotions agitated me at landing in my native country, which appeared the haven of rest to my wearied mind. What had I not suffered since I had left it ! how ardently had I prayed of my poor Connor to return with me to it ! but his fate prevented him. How soothing to my ears were the accents of my country people ! the air too, how that

re-

revived me! But then I reflected I should go to Cromlah, and find it desolate; no kind father to embrace me, or to accept of the little attentions I used to delight in bestowing.

These ideas determined me to go to Rosnihallagh, where dwelt my wealthy mother-in-law; and, as my strength of body and mind should return, accustom myself by degrees to my paternal home.

To Rosnihallagh then I bent my steps, and was received with as much affection as if I had really been a daughter; but the dear old lady said, I was the same being, the mother of her grandson; who was now, indeed, treated as the son of somebody, and was forward enough to perceive it himself.

I was obliged to go through my whole history, as Connor had never patience sufficient to be very explicit in his letters, but
always

always referred it to the next writing; so that I was compelled to go back to our first acquaintance, in order to elucidate his hasty manuscripts.

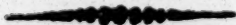
When I related his tragic end, I was afraid it would have thrown the good lady into fits; but she recovered sooner than I did, and exhorted me to fortitude and resignation by such sensible and religious arguments, as made me think she must be a good Catholic; but, alas! she is not one: however there are some very good people, in all other respects, among the Protestants; and father O'Callaghan is so just as to allow it.

After I had taken a day's repose, I sent for my father's steward and head farmer, who were all rejoiced to see me; and complained that my sister had ordered their rents to be doubled; they had offered a small rise, but that was not accepted of, and they were preparing to quit.

I told them, that my designs were to make them happy ; that I was convinced a moderate rise was reasonable, but it should not take place the first quarter ; and likewise, that the additional rent should form a fund for relieving the peasantry of the lower class, by raising the price of labour, and aiding them with money when sick.

They represented, that if I raised their rent, and the wages of the labourer at the same time, it would ruin them ; but I assured them of my taking every precaution against that, and dismissed them.

I wrote to Mostyn for the title deeds of my estate, sending my steward over to receive them ; which he did, and brought me a letter from my mother : this I shall give to the reader, fearing to trust myself to remark on it.



MRS.

MRS. CONNOR.

DEAR DAUGHTER,

“ Upon putting every thing together, I
“ think I may venture to say that you are
“ my child ; but you must be sensible, that
“ the change in your looks is so great as
“ require me to take time to consider be-
“ fore I could decide: you are, nevertheless,
“ improved in your manner, and, I assure
“ you, that Sophia will be happy to receive
“ you at her house, when your mourning
“ is over. You must be sensible that she
“ has acted by you with uncommon gene-
“ rosity, in giving up so readily what would
“ at least have caused a tedious contest ; but
“ the sweet creature says, that she hopes
“ now all animosities will be at an end, and
“ that

“ that you will live like sisters, and assist
“ each other.”

“ I presume you can have no objection
“ to raising ten thousand pounds, in addi-
“ tion to the small fortune she has received;
“ and, I think, as your mother, I am enti-
“ tled to as much ; but shall be content with
“ receiving six hundred a year until you can
“ conveniently raise such a sum.”

“ By your readiness in complying with
“ these demands, which we might have en-
“ forced by keeping the estate a little, you
“ will prove how sincere your former pro-
“ fessions were, and whether you merit the
“ love of

“ Your affectionate mother,

“ AUGUSTA O'FLAHERTY.”

Mr.

Mr. Mostyn likewise wrote, and in rather too affectionate a style, considering the terms we had been upon. He mentioned that my mother and sister were very angry at his giving up the writings, and so much distressed at the thought of retrenching their suite, that it actually hurt the health of Sophia, who was not a little vain of being the great Irish Heiress. I took some time to consider (as I did not like to shew my mother's letter) of my good confessor's advice, and answered thus.

THE HON. MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

DEAR MOTHER,

" Your acknowledgment of me, as your
" child, was to me a most desirable event.

VOL. III.

I

" I

“ I hope to be no longer estranged from your
“ affections, to which end, as you have pro-
“ posed a test, I will endeavour to meet it,
“ as far as prudence and my duty to my fa-
“ mily will allow; for I never will forget
“ the interest of my child, nor the good of
“ my tenants, which require that I should
“ not distress myself in money matters; nor
“ will I on any account alienate the smallest
“ part of my estate, but shall live upon it
“ as the daughter of Mr. O’Flaherty, and
“ the widow of Mr. Connor, with a proper
“ dignity, supported by a just and moderate
“ expence, proportioned to the income they
“ have left me.”

“ My sister received two thousand pounds
“ on her marriage, and five more since my
“ father’s death; she will at your’s have
“ fourteen thousand more. I will, until that
“ period, or the death of Lord Mostyn, pay
“ her three hundred a year; and shall beg
“ your

“ your acceptance of as much during your
“ widowhood ; more than that will not, I
“ perceive be in my power.”

“ I request, my dear Madam, that you
“ will make my small donation acceptable
“ to Sophia ; and that you will always, when
“ convenient, make yourself a home in the
“ house of

“ Your dutiful and affectionate,

“ AUGUSTA CONNOR.”

Perhaps the reader will have the same sentiments of my letter that my mother had, who, I have since found, flew into a passion at my mean stinginess, as she termed it, in refusing to raise ten thousand pounds for poor Sophia; and my unnatural conduct in limiting her shabby three hundred to her widowhood, was so flagrant, that I wonder she would accept of it; however, a little was better than nothing, and deeds were drawn and signed to the intent I have mentioned.

I then raised two thousand pounds to transmit to France, through Mr. Foster to M. Erpigny, and a little more to repay my other debts in that Nation.

I warned my tenant from Cromlah; and during the time I was obliged to wait before I took possession, went from farm to farm with my steward, raised the old rents a little, built a school for children, settled a salary upon a worthy man of my own persuasion,

suasion, as an assistant to father O'Callaghan, (who I made my chaplain) to instruct the poor in morals as well as in religion, without obliging them to pay a stipend the poor creatures could ill afford, and yet the priest could not do without; for priests are very like men, they require nourishment and cloathing.

I likewise raised wages on my estate in such a proportion, as that the poor might by industry be comfortable, as I found work suited to all ages; the sick and infirm I helped to provide for, and the appearance of sloth met my marked displeasure.

At last I got settled. I have now been two years at home, and am convinced, that if other landholders would as zealously do their duty, there would soon be an end of those violent struggles between the rich and poor, which at this time desolate the kingdom. The Irish are docile to kind usage, and it is

a pity they should receive instruction only from those who have evil designs. I can truly affirm, that my tenants are all good subjects, and regular in paying tythes; and I am so convinced of their fidelity, that I think myself no where so safe as when in my country house surrounded by them.. How can those landlords, who spend the produce of these poor people's labour in a foreign land, expect attachment from those who only know them by their exactions?



CHAP. XIV.

TWO years is a long time not to be marked by any vicissitude. A life that had been so long embroiled with difficulties, seemed to expect its hours not to be entirely unchequered; and experience too soon evinced that its presentiment was not futile.

Mrs. Connor, the mother of my dear lamented husband, finding my profession of the Catholic religion too conscientiously

steady to be shaken ; and that my heart felt a pride and a comfort inexpressible in the discharge of pious duties, after the ceremonies of the most ancient and venerable church, applied to the Chancellor of Ireland to nominate heretic guardians for my dear lovely Gerald: there were persecuting laws that would tear him from me at the age of seven, that would force me to give up my infant son.

Gracious Heaven!—What controul should another have over the darling of my heart? What policy is there in distilling opposite principles between mother and child? — Detested policy! Oh! how many anxious moments will it cost me to instill the principles of the true religion into his mind! to weave it with his existence!—It shall be the charge of my fondest love never to give up the tenets I implant.

In the first tumults of rage I warned every Protestant tenant from my estate ; I accused
them

them, innocent as they were, of tyrannous laws; I punished them for the unjust, wanton, and barbarous acts of timorous legislation.

My mother married privately the very first winter after my return, as soon as her jewels were set: It was to be kept private from me, in order that I might still pay her the three hundred a year; but her husband, a wild young man, exerted his authority in such a manner as made it impossible to keep the secret.

My Irish acquaintance soon heard from their Bath connexions, how Mr. James had sold his wife's (my mother's) chariot, and set up a most dashing phaeton. Soon after, her jewels went to pay a gambling debt; her life annuity was sold to pursue the same glorious career; in short, so great was his extravagance, that Sophia, who quarreled from the first at my mother's engagement with him, now
I 5 actually

actually refused to go near her ; and when the afflicted woman wished to be consoled by the child she had loved so well, denied her urgent request to see her.

In her anguish of heart she wrote to me, (who had refused to pay the last half yearly remittance to her husband's order) and reproached me for all her sorrows ; as if I had instigated her to marry—my step-father to extravagance—or Sophia to want of affection.

My answer was as respectful, and more affectionate than ever. I observed, that though it was my duty to assist my father's widow, even if she was not my mother ; yet no duty obliged my supporting the extravagance of a heedless young rake, who had only come into the family to make a property of whatever he could lay his unhallowed claws on.

As a proof, I mentioned his being only married one year, and having in that space
of

of time run out, or purloined for his own use, the large sums he had raised upon her valuables and her income.

I concluded, by assuring her, that when his career was settled, as it must be soon some way or other, I would then prove to her that I wanted not to appreciate any sums to my own expences that should be necessary for her, and was, her affectionate child, &c.

I was afraid my endeavours to act for good would be taken ill, but not so; my poor mother was no longer the woman of consequence and splendor, who boasted of sacrificing herself to the enriching her family, by grubbing in Ireland all the best part of her youth, and using every exertion to bring her husband's estate into the aid of the Mostyn receipts. All this was forgotten: nay, Lord Mostyn told her, that, on the contrary, her tricks and deceits had prevented that desirable circumstance from taking place; as, if she had allowed

lowed matters to have gone on in the direct path, his eldest son had ere now been wedded to her eldest daughter ; and that now he had got an expensive wife instead, and who must wait for half her fortune until she pleased to die : he then reproached her for marrying Mr. James, in rather ungenerous terms.

Sophia was present, and when my mother expected her to fly at the Viscount and upbraid him, as she used me, with barbarity to her dear Mamma, she rather seemed to be of his way of thinking.

In short, my mother, with sorrow and mortification, fell really ill, and had no friend to condole with. Gratitude, independent of natural affection, ought to have extorted a little tenderness from those to whom she had always been devoted.

Her husband was, in a few months, more so much involved, as to be glad to accept of an

Ensigncy in a regiment going to the West Indies. He applied to me for assistance, and I being determined not to give to him what should support my mother, refused to do any thing but present fifty pounds for his equipment.

My mother now lives with me ; I allow her four hundred per annum ; and am only grieved that I cannot prevent her adverting to former prospects so much as to lose all relish of the present ; nor will she consent to mix with the gentry of the country, among whom I have found many agreeable acquaintances and hearty friends ; she offered to spend a few weeks with my sister, who has civilly declined her visit.

About two months ago I was addressed by Lord S—, an Englishman, with an Irish place, pension, and title ; my mother supported his suit with great warmth and authority, beside much reasoning ; she represented
[that

that I was young, rich, and unprotected; that all the needy young men were laying plans to secure me by force or fraud, and that it would be very surprising if none of them should succeed in such a lawless place as Ireland; beside, a title, though an Irish one, was better than none, and would raise me upon a footing with my sister; and concluded, that I might be certain that there was no shame in a second marriage, as I had seen she had been prevailed upon.

My answer was, that I had loved my husband from a conviction of his worth, in such a manner as to preclude me from ever regarding any other man as worthy to succeed him; all my affections were transferred to his child, who I would not wrong, by giving a father to, who would most probably feel no little jealousy.

Then in the case of our having children, his titled heir would be deficient of
the

the property of my untitled one: why subject myself to the controul of one I loved not, and who might alter all the plans I had hitherto prospered so well in, for the happiness of my dependents? for the young and needy men too I had precautions, besides that of settling some of my labourers and their families in comfortable dwellings adjoining to my out-houses, in order that they might aid my servants upon any alarm; for I had caused my lawyer to draw up a deed, giving my estate to my son, in case of my marriage, and to be no more mine from that day, upon paying me the sum of two hundred per annum for my life.

My mother was very angry at this, "So," said she, "you have now put it out of your power to accept of any match however advantageous?"

"I have put myself out of the way of being the prey of fortune-hunters, Madam,"
said

said I, "and thereby taken a step likely to insure my peace of mind, and prevent the numberless temptations that might have assailed me, some of which most likely would have been too great to be resisted."

My mother still was angry, lamenting her case as hard, having been the best of mothers to see all her children trample their duty under their feet.

I thought it better to suffer even her displeasure, than accept of Lord S—'s offer. I have since compleated the before mentioned deed, which has pleased Mrs. Connor very much, but still she means to take from me that child, for whose sake I live, and for whom all my cares are engaged; she will take him from me, if I do not prevent her by some stratagem.

I have made public the above mentioned settlement, and am not pestered near so much
with

with lovers. Lord Mostyn is dangerously ill, should he die, I mean to pay my mother six hundred per annum, as Sophia will no longer want any assistance.

So, patient reader, having waded with me through so much prolixity, I wish thee a good night.

Blessed be that man who first invented
The thing called sleep.



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